



# SATURDAY NIGHT.

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## Things in General.

WHAT about the referendum in Manitoba, the hot-bed of prohibition? The cool second thought of the people is not the same as it was when the Greenway Government was apparently overturned by a temperance wave. Now nearly five thousand votes in a small total of less than twenty-five thousand snow the measure under, where its promoter long ago retired.

THE decision that three or four hundred Canadian soldiers shall attend the coronation to add interest and splendor to the pageant, may afford satisfaction to the section of the populace much given to military splendor, but will supply to those who believe that the Empire needs consolidation on a common-sense and business basis, food for considerable thought. If Canada is to be made a part of something approaching an Imperial Roman holiday without regard to expense or loss of time, it may appear that we are paying too much for a whistle which will sound chiefly in other people's ears, or shine mostly in the envious eyes of rivals. British diplomacy and the wisdom of King Edward VII. may be directing this lavish outlay and display, but Canadian sense of the fitness of things and the value of dollars expended will revolt at taxation being levied, no matter upon whom, for mediaeval splendor from which we get no benefit except as the advertisement of being a chief appendage of a military power. Is there for this any excuse except kingly vanity and a diplomatic desire to overawe nations for whom Canada cares nothing except that she may make with them a profitable trade bargain? Will it bring us emigrants who are chasing themselves from Europe to avoid conscription and military rule?

SENTIMENT, so easily aroused in matters unimportant, so frequently dull of response when the heart should bleed, has recently been excited with regard to a horse which for nearly twenty years was attached to the fire brigade. This estimable animal, after a long life with surroundings that would make the poor old plug that draws a milk-wagon—or mayhap who drives it—or that winters on the shady side of a farm straw-stack, green with envy, has gone out of the city service to hit the hard luck which is the almost invariable wind-up of an equine career. An evening paper remarks, "His twenty years on the fire brigade, galloping to the rescue of burning property, will not count in his favor with the man who has bought him to haul junk—bought him unconditionally, paying all he was worth, and having an undoubted right to get that out of him, and more if he can."

Is the luck of this old horse any worse than that of the ordinary old man or old woman? He has probably had fifteen years of luxury and popularity such as are the experience of few animals either human or equine. Unlike the human "old plug," he has no memory. As he pulls the junk-wagon he will seldom see old acquaintances pass him with averted faces, thinking, perhaps, of his former position and the low estate into which he has fallen. He has no wife to reproach him, no children to sneer at his decline and impending fate. Possibly the city might have retained him to haul a scavenger-cart, just for sentiment's sake, but properly there is no sentiment in a corporation, and it is sentimentality of this spasmodic and unreasonable sort which causes everything which can be influenced by sentimentality to be done at a loss. It will be time enough to pension old horses when we make provision for pensioning old men, old women, old employees, who are said to possess that which the horse is presumed to lack—a soul. If there be anything in the transmigration of souls, dead contractors, livermen and junk dealers who have passed away may live again in the horses that draw the roysterers, the dumping-carts and the junk-wagons. There may be bitter experiences in store for those who lack sentiment, but until we know more about these things, such as we may love horses and dogs and animals who have served us well, it would be better to reserve all the uncurdled milk of human kindness we have in our hearts for our fellowbeings. To shoot the old horse is a kindness, not a crime; to shoot the old man is a crime, and yet in many cases it would be a kindness. As long as these differences exist in the laws of the land there should be made a much more conspicuous difference in the quantity of tears we waste over brutes and fellowbeings—an old age unaided by the hands of youth and cursed with the upbraids of ingratitude, certainly deserving all the sympathy we have to expend.

MONTHS ago, when Miss Stone, the missionary, was first heralded as a captive in the hands of the brigands, I ventured to remark that the paying of blood money for the release of even so self-sacrificing a person was wrong in principle and a condoning of crime. It has been rather interesting to watch the spread of this sentiment throughout the Republic that has been so busily engaged in procuring her release. In the last issue of the "Argonaut," by long odds the ablest and most influential newspaper on the Pacific coast, appears the following pungent paragraph, which indicates that there is considerable thinking being done:

"For a republic like ours, the most powerful among the nations of the earth, whose power springs from its citizens' regard for its laws—a republic whose power has always been exercised for the reign of law among nations as it enforces the maintenance of law and justice among its own citizens—for such a great republic, through its accredited officers, to enter into a series of secret intrigues with a band of outlaws—to intrigue with brigands in evading the law upon the soil of another nation, to huckster with thieves for the delivery of their booty—to compound with felons with foreign felons in a foreign land—under what theory of law or morals can such action be justified? The only possible excuse would be the saving of a human life. But even that is a poor one. Much as the death of the missionary would have been deplored, it is extremely probable that her successful and profitable kidnapping will result in the kidnapping of yet other female missionaries. If a calloused public should then fail to subscribe ransom enough to glut the greedy Macedonians, the result would be death, mutilation, or worse. Two wrongs never made a right, and never will. For brigands to kidnap the missionary was a crime. For the United States to pay them money for her ransom was another one."

The same paper goes on to enquire "if preaching the Gospel in Mohammedan and Buddhist countries leads to outrage and murder, why preach the Gospel there? Were Asiatic nations to send missionaries to the United States—were they to attempt to win over our young and inexperienced people to their ancient creeds, the result would be murder, and that right soon. Is there nothing for our missionaries to do at home? There are brigands and thugs and robbers here as well as in Bulgaria. In all our large cities there lurks an evil population, male and female, which preys upon honest men. At nightfall they come forth like obscene birds and slink back to their haunts ere dawn. In New York city the Municipal Committee has just prepared a report of several hundred pages on the social evil. Its revelations are appalling. Let the missionaries think of the vast output of children who are born in squalor, vice and crime—children of diseased and intem-

perate parents; by-blows of burglars, spawn of lunatic asylums, begotten of hideous unions that make the heart sick. Let the missionaries help to clean out the human wreckage in the slums of our own great cities."

Taking the whole matter of the payment of blood money to the brigands, we can find nothing in it except what I shall insist upon calling the spasmodic sentimentalism occasioned by a woman being in captivity. "Both Turkey and Bulgaria were determined that the criminal act of paying blood money to brigands for a kidnapped captive should not take place upon their soil. Both were right. At last, however, the United States forced Turkey to consent to the felonious transfer, and it took place upon Turkish soil." Now all that remains to change the whole business from a farce-tragedy to a tragic international crime is for the United States to demand, as we are told she is about to demand, from Turkey, a restitution of the money and a diplomatic apology. These are not harsher words than are used by the "Argonaut," which blushes to think that the United States proposes to "sneak" like the city swindler who writes for cheap counterfeit money and when getting the worst of it appeals to the police.

MORMONISM is probably detested because of its doctrine of polygamy, a doctrine said to have been abandoned since the United States Government has refused to recognize as citizens those who practice it and has made it punishable by law the same as bigamy. By means of its divorce laws the United States has undoubtedly become the most bigamous, or polygamous—which ever you care to call it—of Christian nations, but still the hatred of Mormonism, which otherwise is quite as reasonable as and much similar to the Baptist faith—excluding, of course, the modern and polygamous revelation—is rampant everywhere. The objection to a doctrine so out of harmony with a theory of modern domestic life is perfectly intelligible to us all, and a recent incident perhaps may enable us to see more clearly how missionaries pro-

on in the Delaware Valley. Everyone, however, can see the force of the illustration unless they believe that they alone are right, and that, being right, they have privileges which neither local nor international law should give them of intruding upon those who imagine they have the right to go from the cradle to the grave undisturbed by the teaching of anyone else.

THE Easter season, with its pilgrimages to Rome, Jerusalem and sacred places, brings, as usual, some remarkable utterances from His Holiness the Pope. Like the Protestant ministers whose deliberations in Toronto caused comment last week, he is in favor of the unity of Christian churches, and without therein differing from our local clergy in the slightest, he advocates a unity in which his own denomination shall be the unit. For a clergyman even so eminent and amiable as His Holiness to demand that four or five hundred denominations shall abandon their peculiar tenets and work "to save society from the violent attacks of Atheists and Freemasonry," is in itself an overwhelming proof that he thinks he is right. In the encyclical letter he has issued he deprecates the "recent errors of humanity," and pictures the present condition of society as a state of anarchy. To him some of the wars now going on appear unjust, and he says they are "being waged by strong nations against weak and feeble peoples." This is probably a blow at the United States in fighting against the Catholic people of the Philippines, for he cannot seriously regard the Boers, who are Protestants, as being within his jurisdiction; but when Spain was doing the oppressing in the archipelago he had no reproach. To his gentle soul "all these things have created world-wide inquietude. Unceasing troubles and misery have provoked the people to anarchism which

from Pope Paul V. gave orders that the astronomer be placed in the dungeons of the Inquisition should he refuse to yield. Galileo thereupon yielded, February 26th, 1616.

About a fortnight later the Congregation of the Index, moved thereto, as the letters and documents now brought to light show, by Pope Paul V., solemnly rendered a decree that 'The doctrine of the double motion of the earth about its axis and about the sun is false, and entirely contrary to Holy Scripture,' and 'that this opinion must neither be taught nor advocated.' The same decree condemned all writings of Copernicus and 'all writings which affirm the motion of the earth.'

In 1632 Galileo published a new work, "The Dialogo," exhibiting the arguments both for and against the Copernican conception of the universe with great fairness and in the form of a dialogue. Pope Urban VIII. gave him and his writings again into the hands of the Inquisition. He was dragged from Florence to Rome, and there, menaced with torture, subjected to indignity and threats, as is now fully revealed by the publication of the trial documents, he was at last forced to pronounce publicly this recantation: "I, Galileo, being in my seventieth year, a prisoner and on my knees before your eminences, having before my eyes the holy Gospel, which I touch with my hand, abjure, curse and detest the error and the heresy of the movement of the earth." He was sentenced to exile from his home and family, and kept during the remainder of his life under close surveillance.

On the 16th of June, 1633, the Holy Congregation ordered the sentence and recantation to be sent to all papal nuncios in Europe and all archbishops, bishops and inquisitors in Italy, in order that the heresy might be finally stamped out. The vengeance of the Church continued to be meted out to Galileo even after death. His request to be buried in his family tomb at Santa Croce was denied. No monument was permitted to be erected over him. No epitaph or inscription was allowed to mark his grave. Not until a hundred years after did Nelli dare transfer his remains to Santa Croce and erect a monument above them. Not till 1835 was there issued an edition of the "Index Librorum Prohibitorum" from which the condemnation of works defending the double motion of the earth was left out.

Dr. White states that the Protestant Church was hardly less energetic than the Roman Catholic Church against the new astronomy, but fortunately for itself it had not the machinery the latter had.

In view of the unreasoning and unreasonable persecution which the Church inflicted upon Copernicus, Galileo, and the discoverers of those rudimentary facts in science which are now a part of every text-book—Roman Catholic and Protestant—how are we to accept the conclusions of His Holiness as having any more finality than those of the Protestant popes who demand that we must accept their views or be subjected to a social and theological inquisition quite as painful and unimproving as that which flourished in its acutest form in Spain four hundred years ago? Isn't there something wrong, not only in the Roman Catholic but in the Protestant world, which the best sense and experience of the people refuse to accept? How can we have Unity while each teacher insists upon the acceptance of his own interpretation of the Bible and Testament? If there is to be any unity, upon what basis must it necessarily be founded? Surely there can be no other foundation than that of Truth. To arrive at such a common ground—a ground upon which the whole world is willing to unite, but upon the selection of which no two denominations can agree—there must be the diffusion of knowledge, and some standard must be recognized by which the teaching of theologians, scientists, historians and others must be judged in order that we may obtain truth.

Is such a common meeting-ground possible? Why should those who endeavor to define the possibilities of unity fall out with regard to the Atonement, Apostolic Succession, Close Communion, Infant Baptism, and the direct or indirect action of the Holy Spirit? Why not let each man interpret the Bible for himself, as he reads the face of nature for himself, as he defines the great laws which govern his Being for himself? The whole tendency of the world is to make man better as he better understands the laws which govern him both socially, politically, physically, morally and spiritually. The man who does wrong finds that he pays the penalty. The man who best understands universal law lives best, acts best, and is most worthy of the approbation of his Maker. He is the best citizen, the best neighbor, the best debtor, the best creditor, the best man to be alive. The greatest theologians have sometimes been the most intolerant persons; the best scientists have always been among the best citizens; the most reasonable people are always easiest to live with; the most fanatical people always the most difficult to manage.

The implication as far as the good of the world is concerned is clearly in the direction of the diffusion of knowledge, which the Roman Catholic Church has always resisted—intolerantly trying to stamp out the Copernican theory for over two hundred years—and which in many scientific directions the Protestant churches also are resisting. The cure of anarchy is not in perpetuating ignorance, in preaching error, in trying to deaden the reason, stifle the soul, or limit freedom of action. The greatest curses of the world have grown out of coercion; the greatest blessings have been born in a freedom to do and think and say that which seemeth good, trammelled by nothing but the rights and liberties of others. The great wave of unity is flowing in the direction of Truth. And Truth is God, and God is Truth. "In the beginning was the Truth, and the Truth was with God, and the Truth was God—in Truth was life, and the life was the light of men. And the light shineth in darkness; and the darkness comprehended it not." This paraphrase of the first verses of the first chapter of the Gospel of John is one with which it seems to me even theologians cannot quarrel.

LAST Saturday the "Mail and Empire," to celebrate its thirtieth anniversary, issued a magnificent 40-page number, 16 pages of it well illustrated in colors and printed on good paper. The illustrated portion contained many captivating views of the business, editorial, news and mechanical departments. One had a chance to see the pictured faces of not only the editors and advertising agents, the reporters and the heads of departments, but was given a glimpse as well into the artistic and thoughtful realms of the existence of which the ordinary reader of the "Mail and Empire" was probably unaware. A large staff of illustrators and engravers was shown at work, probably preparing the special number, for certainly the work of no factory of the kind is to be seen in the daily issue. The illustrations and text of this gorgeous souvenir would lead the ordinary and far-away subscriber to wonder what all those bright-looking men busy themselves about every day, for there is no sign of such bunches of brains and brightness in the ordinary wad. To tell the candid truth, even the friendly reader of the "Mail and Empire" has many reasons to suspect that the paper is gotten up by a squad of deck-hands, put together with a club, and spaded out with an idea of keeping some paper-mill busy.

On one of the semi-editorial pages where some reading matter is inserted to give desirable positions for medicine



MADONNA AND CHILD CUT FROM CANADIAN PINE.

This unique piece of wood carving is the work of Mr. Thomas Mowbray, 126 Church street, Toronto. The material used was a Muskoka pine tree, and the original of the photograph can be seen at Mr. Mowbray's studio.

claiming an alien faith are looked upon as emissaries of the devil by those adversely affected by their proselytizing.

A report comes from a place in New York State bearing the good old-fashioned name of Goshen, that many converts have been made by Mormon missionaries in north-eastern Pennsylvania, "and left a trail of disrupted homes and broken-hearted wives" behind them. "Those who have adopted the belief are chiefly men, and they are preparing to start for Utah, against the prayers and entreaties of their wives and children." "One of the cases," so the despatch says, "is that of a man whose property was destroyed by a recent flood. One of the Mormon elders assured him that the hand of Providence could be seen in the disaster, and he decided to go. His young wife, with her three small children, will remain behind, and they never expect to see the husband and father again."

This is missionary business for you, and while I am quite sure that if the Delaware Valley man has anything in him worth regretting he will send for his wife and family, I can quite understand the terrible and unnecessary disruption of the family which has been occasioned by the preaching of the Mormon missionaries. Probably with one accord we detest the Mormon doctrine, and quite agree that Joe Smith and Brigham Young were false prophets. As a matter of fact, the Mormons, aside from the old reputation they had as "Avenge Angels," of putting to death non-believers along the skeleton-strewn plain between the Missouri River and Utah, are physically a splendidly industrious and progressive class of citizens. Polygamy, it must be acknowledged, has not had a fair chance in an isolated community, surrounded by monogamous peoples and recruited from those whose religious and social beliefs were entirely opposed, on the female side at least, to the possession of more wives than one. Polygamy is one of the oldest practices in the world, sanctified by King David, by Solomon, and by all the elders of ancient Israel. In a modern sense it is abhorrent to people who, however, have rejected or retained such fragments of the Mosaic law as were unpleasant or pleasing to the mental attitude acquired in modern schools of thought.

For the purpose of illustration, however, the doctrines of the Mormons have little place. The intrusion of missionaries, the hatreds they excite, the social devastation they cause, and the unpleasant results for which they are responsible, should carry conviction to the thoughtful reader of the undesirability of meddling with those conditions which God in His wisdom and goodness has deemed best under certain circumstances. Those best acquainted with Mormon morality as compared with that of the monogamous communities which they invade, will of course alone be able to judge of the excuses which can be offered for a propaganda of the kind which has evidently been carried

henceforth promises to constitute a formidable league against emperors, kings and presidents of all governments." He believes "these governments must adopt decisive measures for the defence of genuine liberty and must enforce the teaching of religion." The peculiar doctrine of adopting "decisive measures" for the defence of liberty and of "enforcing" the teaching of religion sounds strangely inharmonious. "Decisive measures" and "enforcing" are opposed to the spread or practice of the teachings of Christ. If we could believe, as millions do believe, in the infallibility of the Pope, in the propriety of the measures the Church recommends, in the methods the hierarchy have adopted in the past, we might be able to make a common assault upon Atheism and that remarkable thing which he calls Freemasonry. Nothing in history would bear us out in such a campaign; nothing in humanity, divinity or science would recommend such a course.

It is barely four hundred years ago that the doctrine that the world was flat and covered over with a dome-like sky in which the stars were fixed as lights, was generally accepted. This belief included the movement of the sun around the earth—the earth being stationary—and when Galileo announced his important discoveries, which took the Copernican theory out of the realm of hypothesis, the Church gave battle immediately. According to history of those times indisputably correct, the Church denounced both his method and his results as impious. Hon. Andrew Dickson White, LL.D., late President and professor of history at Cornell, now United States Minister to Germany, in his famous book, "The History of the Warfare of Science with Theology in Christendom," Macmillan's, 1896, says (page 133 and following pages):

"The Dominican Father Caccini preached a sermon from the text, 'Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven?' and this wretched pun upon the great astronomer's name ushered in sharper weapons; for before Caccini ended he insisted that 'geometry is of the devil,' and that 'mathematicians should be banished as the authors of all heresies.' The Church authorities gave Caccini prohibition."

The Archbishop of Pisa secretly sought to entrap Galileo and deliver him to the Inquisition at Rome. In 1615 Galileo was summoned before the Inquisition. The dicta laid down by the Inquisition were, "The first proposition that the sun is the center and does not revolve about the earth is foolish, absurd, false in theology, and heretical, because expressly contrary to Holy Scripture." "The second proposition that the earth is not the center, but revolves about the sun, is absurd, false in philosophy, and, from a theological point of view at least, opposed to the true faith."

Galileo was ordered to renounce his theory. A letter



advertisements, an article appeared which began as follows: "Pictorial daily journalism received a rude buffet the other day from the hand of a gentlewoman. A lady who had delivered a lecture before a woman's club was pursued by a reporter bent on securing her picture for the 'Only Woman's Page.'" The article describes the retiring lady putting on a pretty something without buttons and sliding down the banisters to meet the reporter who wanted her picture. to whom she said, presumably as she held the fronts of her corsets and wrapper together with enraged but bejewelled hands, "Well, young man, you can't have it. And what I came downstairs to tell you was that what your paper wants is not pictures, but brains." As the managers of newspapers are said never to read their own papers, it gives me a car-load of very great pleasure to call the attention of the "Mail and Empire" to this exceedingly timely suggestion made by one of its own staff—"Not pictures, but brains!" Somehow that seems to tell what's the matter with Mary better nor anything I've heard since Ireland first had a grievance. Not "P but B!" An ache foundry might work this into an ad.

AN interesting event in connection with Mr. George N. Morang's recent pamphlet declaring the copyright law to be quite satisfactory, is the recent dismissal of Mr. Morang's suit against some local publishers for infringement of copyright. Either Mr. Morang must have brought his suit without sufficient grounds of complaint, was engaged in the vexatious litigation for which our involved copyright law furnishes such ample opportunity, or was not aware what the copyright law really was or is. No matter which horn of the dilemma he selects, Mr. Morang must find himself in a rather awkward position in being at once the author of an elaborate defence of the copyright law and the victim of the legislation which he extols.

As a matter of fact, neither Mr. Morang nor anyone else in this country understands our copyright law, and that is the greatest complaint that can be made against it or any other legislation controlling so important a business as that of publishing books. As has been frequently stated on this page, no Canadian lawyer can interpret legislation so fragmentary, so dependent in substance and in part upon Imperial legislation, and so inextricably confused by acts passed, partially repealed, either directly or by implication, upon the Berne Convention, United States laws, and so concerned with usages which are probably well known in Great Britain but of which there is the densest ignorance in this country.

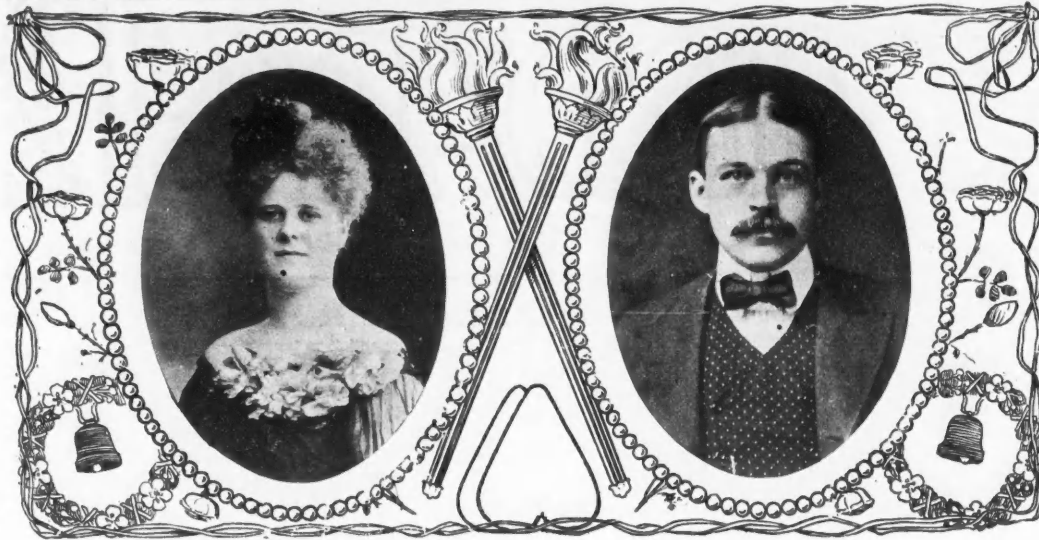
Other publishers and booksellers are contributing to this interminable and unsatisfactory controversy, which can only be settled by the Canadian Parliament asserting its right to pass a copyright law of its own, and by making the legislation so simple and intelligible that all who run may read, while no author, either Canadian or British, shall have his works pirated—something which is not threatened in the bill urged by the Board of Trade—and yet protecting Canadian publishers from having their business injured, as it undoubtedly is being injured, by the loose and contradictory rulings at present in force. The dangers which are threatened if we change the letter of our present system are all imaginary, and the best men—such as Sir John Thompson, Sir James Edgar and Hon. David Mills—who have looked deeply into the matter, assert that we have a perfect right to legislate for ourselves in copyright as in all other matters. Justice Mills of the Supreme Court, lately Minister of Justice, but a few months ago declared, in speaking of this matter, "Canada is included in this (copyright) arrangement by authors with United States publishers as much so as if she consisted of half a dozen States of the Union. This is a very unsatisfactory condition of things and one against which I think Canadians will continue to protest." His words are not stronger than those which have been used by the other two gentlemen named, and should carry much more weight than those of that amiable and enterprising publisher, Mr. Morang, who, in spite of his convincing pamphlet on the copyright question, has just demonstrated that he is as profoundly ignorant of the subject as the rest of us, who also have been studying the subject for many years. Those who are fighting for a retention of our present confused legislation on behalf of the author as against the printer and publisher, should remember that the author is probably losing money on his rights, which under existing conditions no lawyer can define for him, and should join in the general demand for a law which it shall not require an inspired genius to understand, and which it will be a misdemeanor to infringe. The recent deputation to Ottawa from the Booksellers' and Stationers' section of the Board of Trade, demanding, from a publisher's standpoint, not only a copyright law, but a law demonstrating our National right to legislate on this subject, was well received and, no doubt, will be effective.

THE Auditor-General, whose office admittedly is most important, insists on being recognized as one of the greatest personages having to do with the Federal Government. When the Conservatives were in power he had his hands in their hair quite as distinctly as he now mingles his fingers with the curls of the Liberals. He is a personage, shabby and unimportant to look at, yet all the governments he has served have reason to be thankful to him for having taken the stern official view of accounts sent to him, and for authorizing nothing which he does not consider correct. The tendency of the Auditor-General to discuss very small matters and use from five to ten dollars' worth of paper and press-work in disputing in his reports a fifty-cent item, has made him the terror of those who wish to commit petty larceny by shoving through the Accounts Committee unauthorized and unwarrantable expenses. If more men in the Governments of Canada had the same strength of mind and honest determination of Auditor-General Macdougall, the proposition of government would be made much easier and less expensive.

THE eagerness of our schoolmarm to volunteer as instructors of the young Boers may not indicate a desire to be missionaries, but may simply afford an indication of their anxiety for adventure and a willingness to go to a new country where opportunities of marrying are superior to those found at home. Whatever may be the impulse which has caused fifty applications for every position, it should make us glad that so many of the women who teach our children are not afraid of strange circumstances and uncomfortable surroundings. Nothing so seriously threatens the youth of our country as a certain effeminacy which is likely to result because of the boys of this new nation being so generally in the charge of women. That our womenkind are quite able to take care of themselves and to venture into strange lands for the purpose of instructing youth, is perhaps the most favorable evidence we have had that these some women have enough understanding of the world and human nature to profitably instruct the children at home, who have places in the world to make for themselves.

#### Social and Personal.

The marriage of Miss Mary Victoria Beatrice Ferguson, only daughter of the late Senator John Ferguson, and Dr. Francis Walter Ernest Wilson, was celebrated last Monday evening, March thirty-first, at eight o'clock, at All Saints' Church, Niagara Falls South, the rector, Rev. Canon Bull, assisted by Ven. Archdeacon Houston, officiating. The service was enhanced by the fine singing of the choir and a contralto solo by Mrs. Tench, and the church was decorated most effectively. After the ceremony the bridal reception was given by Mrs. Ferguson at The Dufferin, close by the grand cascade of the Horseshoe Fall. A very nice dejeuner was followed by a dance led by the newly wedded pair, and the affair was extremely bright and happy. The bride wore a very handsome trained robe of white Duchess satin, and a lace veil with orange blossoms, and looked remarkably well, as those who saw her at one of our large balls here a season or two ago can quite imagine. She carried a bouquet of Bride roses, and wore a splendid jewel of pearls



MISS MARY VICTORIA BEATRICE FERGUSON.

DR. FRANCIS WALTER ERNEST WILSON.

and sapphires, the groom's gift. The bridesmaids were Miss Amy Symmes of Niagara Falls, Miss Muriel Church of Ottawa, Miss Marian Hay, and Miss Alice Sylvester of Toronto. They wore most fetching gowns designed and presented by Mrs. Ferguson, of pink silk, with white Dolly Varden hats trimmed with pink rosebuds, and were, like the dainty Dolly lately with us, the "fairest in a summer garden." Miss Lorna Whittier of Trenton was maid of honor in pale green silk trimmed with white. The maid of honor and the bridesmaids wore pearl rings, the gifts of the groom. The ushers, who had a busy half hour seating the large company, were Mr. Robin Boyle of Tonawanda, Mr. S. P. MacMordie of Niagara Falls, Mr. Frank Smallpeice and Mr. Ed Barker of Toronto. Mr. T. F. Battle was best man, and Mr. William R. Ferguson, brother of the bride, led her in and gave her away. Many very handsome gifts were showered upon the bride, who is deservedly most popular everywhere. For a short season she resided in Rosedale with her parents, when the much-esteemed Senator was such a genial host in the home he had enlarged and beautified in anticipation of many happy years, but since her debut she has only occasionally visited Toronto. I am told that Dr. and Mrs. Wilson will board for the summer, but will later occupy a nice home where the bride will receive in due course. They are spending their honeymoon in the East.



Two little people at the Easter concert on Monday who particularly delighted the huge audience were Miss Muriel Jarrott, second daughter of Mr. J. E. Jarrott of 48 Euclid avenue, and Master Clarence Glass. Little Muriel is both pretty and talented, and has an infectious humor and unaffected manner, which captured the people. Master Clarence Glass is a bright, handsome little laddie, with sparkling brown eyes and a lovely voice, and his songs were excellently rendered. Both these little folks are just natural, jolly children, without airs or graces, who did their best, and their best was very good. They have kindly sent me their pictures for reproduction.

The Horse Show during the coming week, in spite of the military tournament not being associated with it this year, is creating even more than the wonted interest. The fact that the 48th Highlanders' physical drill squad and pipers, who were the sensation of the New York military tournament last week, will reproduce their splendid exercise, adds a great touch of spectacular interest. The boxes on Wednesday sold even higher than last year, and among the smart visitors from a distance who will have box parties are Mrs. Henry Sandford of New York, Mr. Frank Walker of Detroit, who brings his titled daughter and her husband with him; Mr. William Hendrie of Hamilton, Mr. Adam Beck of London, Mr. G. H. Smallman of London, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Grant of Kingston.

The marriage of Miss Lucy Eunice Stout, eldest child of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Scott Stout, and Mr. Herbert Scott Brennan of Hamilton took place on Wednesday afternoon at the family residence of Mr. Stout, 75 Lowther avenue, and was quite the loveliest house wedding I have seen in Toronto. Mrs. Stout and her four daughters are remarkably handsome, and the guests numbered so many beautiful women among them that the exquisite flowers which garlanded the rooms, arched the doorways and windows, nestled in every corner and made the artistic home a perfect fairy bower, were rivalled by the youthful and matronly belles who looked so suitably surrounded by the florists' fairest harvest. There were just enough guests to comfortably witness the ceremony, and punctually to the hour named the ushers, Mr. Jack Connell and Mr. George Robertson of Hamilton and Mr. Arthur Ritchie of Toronto, descended the stairway, the broad ribbons were stretched from the stair to the archway leading into the drawing-room, the officiating clergyman, Rev. James Thompson of Ingersoll took his place in the bay window, which was fenced across with a lattice of white satin ribbon entwined with smilax and white roses, the gate guarded by sheaves of Easter lilies, and the groom and his best man and brother, Mr. Albert Brennan, entered to await the coming of the bride's party. Miss Louise (Dot) Stout was maid of honor, in a lovely rose pink robe veiled in Russian net and handed with many rows of rose ribbon, and love knots and streamers floating from the shoulder. She wore a wreath of tiny hedges in her dark hair, and carried a huge sheaf of Bridesmaid roses. The bridesmaids, Miss Edith Brennan of Hamilton, Miss Beatrice Pearson, and Miss Charlotte Stout, wore frocks of the same design and material, but white in color, and carried Bridesmaid roses. Then came the queenly and beautiful bride in shimmer of satin and cloud of pearl dotted tulle, with perfect girlish figure and happy, sweet face, whom to look upon was indeed to love. The bridal robe was simple, dainty and elegant, as was every detail of this wedding. A berth of deep rose point, festoons of pearls, and a transparent guimpe of tulle finished the folded bodice, and an upstanding little crown of orange blossoms rested upon the dark hair, the veil being worn off the face. The bridal bouquet was of white lilac and lily of the valley, very gracefully "showered" in a cascade of snowy sweetness. A hidden orchestra played a bridal march as the pretty group swept into the drawing-room, and during the ceremony whispered very softly the exquisite Serenade of Schubert. After the service, Mr. and

Mrs. Brennan stood before that fairy lattice of ribbons and flowers, and received the congratulations of the friends bidden to the marriage, most of whom have seen the bride grow up from a charming little lassie into girlhood, and wished her very earnestly, a long and happy married life. The dejeuner was served at small tables in the drawing-room, large hall and dining-room, where a bridal table, centered with a tall crystal vase brimming with white roses and garlanded with wide pink satin ribbons, lily of the valley and maidenhair fern, was arranged for the wedding party. The other tables were decorated with lily of the valley and ferns. Healths were proposed and honored in foaming champagne, and after some merry speeches the bride went away to don her traveling gown of light grey and white tweed, touched with black and silver applique, and worn with a smart white hat touched with black. When she came down, to begin her wedding journey, a shower of tiny silver horseshoes, by the thousand, glinted through the air, thrown by merry friends, some of whom, headed by the very Prince of Mischief, the only brother, had already decorated the bridal carriage with American Beauty roses, yards of broad white ribbon and one dainty white slipper. Mr. and Mrs. Brennan were seen off at the train by the bridal party, and the prettiest house wedding of the season was over. The bride's book was signed by all, and the large room full of exquisite gifts was again visited by admiring friends, to whom no clue was given as to whence the presents came, as the usual cards were not displayed. D'Alesandro's harpers played the jolliest music, and although a few tears were shed by one or two, at this first break in a loving circle, they were real April showers. Among the guests were Mrs. Brennan, sr., a handsome silver-haired lady, in a smart black gown, touched with white, and pretty little bonnet; Mrs. Hugh Brennan in a reseda costume, with cream lace guimpe and applications and lovely hat with pale blue flowers; Mrs. Harwood in a deep vieux rose dress with soft puffs of cream white and a white bandeau in her pretty hair; Miss Brennan of Hawthorne Lodge, Brampton, in white foulard figured with black and a very pretty hat with tails of white lace; Mrs. Husband of Hamilton in palest blue and most becoming hat; Mrs. Dickson of St. Margaret's in canary silk, and a very smart ecru and pink hat; Mrs. Edwin Pearson in stone blue, with applique of white and smart diamonds of green velvet; Mrs. Reginald Carter in dainty turquoise and white foulard; Mrs. D. A. Rose in black lace over white satin; Mrs. (Dr.) Montague in black, with handsome picture hat; Mrs. Meyers in white, with a most charming hat, and frilled white collet edged with rich fur. A group of graceful girls, Miss Kate Meyers, the Misses McArthur, Miss Rutter, Miss Lowndes, Miss Madelle Pearson, and Miss Helen Stout, were of the merry party. The bride's grandmother, Mrs. Burr, a fine-looking white-haired lady, was in black, and graceful Mrs. Stout looked very well in a black chiffon powdered with chenille dots and bordered with exquisitely embroidered pinks and violets. Dr. and Mrs. Boulbee, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Symons and Miss Symons, Mr. and Mrs. Bull, Mr. and Mrs. Nelson, and Mr. W. H. P. Bull and his fairy daughter were among the guests. Mr. and Mrs. Brennan went to the Southern States for their honeymoon, and will reside in Hamilton on their return.

The great Argonaut ball in the Pavilion last night was a brilliant success. The favorable period of the year, after forty days of Lent, was of itself sufficient to make it a popular entertainment. Add to this the well-known enthusiasm in social affairs of the energetic Argos, and it is no wonder that one hears on every side of the At Home. Under the distinguished patronage of His Excellency and the Countess of Minto, the following ladies acted as patronesses: Miss Mowat, Lady Thompson, Lady Kirkpatrick, Mrs. T. P. Galt, Mrs. G. T. Denison, Mrs. G. A. Sweny, Mrs. H. C. Hammond, Mrs. F. M. Pellatt, Mrs. Greville Harston, Mrs. J. I. Davidson. The decorations were of a characteristically aquatic character. In the center of the hall were suspended racing shells with outstretched oars, from which light and dark blue hunting ran to the sides. The body of the hall was done in light and dark blue, ornamented with oars, paddles and the trophies of the club. The dais was a cosily decorated retreat over which were suspended single racing shells. A full orchestra gave a programme of the latest and liveliest music, and the supper, served after the ninth dance, was excellent. The energetic committee in charge was composed of Major C. Greville Harston, Captain K. K. Barker, Major J. Cooper Mason, Mr. A. K. Macdougall, Mr. C. F. Peatland, Mr. G. H. Doherty, Mr. J. F. Eastwood, Mr. Norman Bastedo and Mr. J. G. B. Merrick, secretary.

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Mr. and Mrs. R. Cummings Kirkpatrick were up from Prescott for the Easter holidays, and visited Mr. Kirkpatrick's mother, Mrs. Richard Kirkpatrick, in Bedford road. Mrs. Vincent Porter, nee Kirkpatrick, was also her mother's guest recently. On Easter Monday a tea was given in honor of her children's visit by Mrs. Kirkpatrick to some intimate friends and relatives. The tea-table was done in yellow silk, ferns and daffodils, and the three younger daughters of the hostess, Misses Maude, Gertrude and May Kirkpatrick, were in charge of its good things. Miss Kirkpatrick assisted her mother in receiving.

The very sad and unexpected death of Mrs. J. H. Macdonald of St. George street took place on Tuesday, after a very short illness. Mr. Macdonald was one of the passengers on the unfortunate "Etruria," and was in England when Mrs. Macdonald died. Mrs. Denne of Montreal, sister of Mrs. Macdonald, came up to nurse the invalid. I hear that the younger son has been for some time ill, and it was a sad moment when he was carried to his dying mother's bedside to bid her good-bye. Another son is traveling for his health. The whole tragedy has saddened many hearts.



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### Social and Personal.

**M**R. AND MRS. ARTHUR KING, who have been at the Arlington since their marriage, have now settled in their new home, 368 Brunswick avenue, where Mrs. King receives on Fridays. Mrs. King was at home for the first time in her new residence this week.

An evening of song which is full of rich interest is the recital to be given on April 22, St. George's Eve, in McConkey's ballroom. Mrs. Julie Wyman, whose name is first to conjure with of all contraltos who have honored Toronto with a residence, is to take part in this recital, in company of Mr. Arthur Howard Elght, son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Blight, who has recently returned from New York, where he has gained genuine success. His graceful and lovely ballad singing on this his first appearance, is sure to prove a most artistic contrast to Mrs. Wyman's glorious and thrilling contralto and magnetic presence. The patronesses of the evening are Lady Kirkpatrick of Closeburn, Miss Mowat, Mrs. Falconbridge, Mrs. Melvin-Jones, Mrs. Morgan, Mrs. James, Mrs. Fisher, Mrs. George, Mrs. W. B. McMurrich, Mrs. Stewart Houston, Mrs. Walter Beardmore, Mrs. Fred Cox, Mrs. Gillies, Mrs. W. D. Matthews, Mrs. Brouse, Mrs. Gibson, Mrs. T. M. Harris, Mrs. Victor Cawthra, Mrs. Arthur Vankoughnet, Mrs. George Dickson.

Miss Eva May Acheson of Goderich arrived in town last week and is the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Edgar Mason Cook.

Cadet Starr of the Royal Military College and son of Rev. J. E. Starr of Bathurst Street Church, spent his vacation with his people in Toronto.

Mrs. Lumbers of Sherbourne street will not receive again until the autumn. Mr. and Mrs. Lumbers expect to sail about the 15th for the Old Country.

Mr. and Mrs. Leavitt have received invitations to attend the meeting of the Maple League Club at London, C.W., on April 9. They will be the guests of Mr. R. Shaw Wood and his daughter, president of the club, while in London.

The secretary of the society writes me as follows: "The Industrial Room Society will hold its annual sale at the residence of Mrs. Strath, 71 Queen's Park, on Wednesday, April 9, from 11 a.m. to 7 p.m. There will be a large assortment of garments for men, women and children, all well made and of attractive design and finish. Among other features we may mention home-made candies, cut flowers, plants in bloom, fancy articles, a special display of crepe tissue paper novelties, the always popular afternoon tea, and a musical programme of much excellence. A cordial invitation is extended not only to friends of the society, but to all who will lend a hand to a most practical and helpful charity."

The engagement is announced of Miss Geneva Edith Moyer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel E. Moyer, Berlin, to Mr. A. A. Chase, attorney-at-law, Scranton, Pa.

Mr. Seaver is to sail this day week on the "Minnehaha," and will remain with his father, who has been in quite poor health since the death of his wife last year. Mr. Seaver will be greatly missed in social and yachting life in Toronto.

Miss Mabel Rae went to England last Saturday on the "Manitou." Mrs. Cattanauch and her daughters are enjoying a visit in the Eternal City, and will return to London for the coronation. The Messers, S. and W. C. Band went to Penzance for the Easter vacation. Mr. Taylor of the Merchants' Bank, Ingersoll, spent the holidays in Toronto. Miss Edith Coady is benefiting very much by her stay in Summerville, S.C., where several Torontonians are sojourning. Mr. and Mrs. Fred Wade, Yukon, sailed for England last Saturday.

Mr. Herbert Loudon came down from Chatham for Easter, and his old friends were delighted to see him again. Mr. and Mrs. Walter Beardmore and Mrs. Kingsmill spent the holidays at their country place, at Acton.

Mrs. Clarkson Jones is visiting her daughter in New York. Mrs. and Miss Sheila Macdougall of Carlton Lodge are home from St. Catharines. Mrs. Dickson Patterson has been quite ill with tonsillitis, and was obliged to miss the exhibition at Montreal. Her pictures were all accepted and are, I hear, very well hung. By the way, I see the Montreal people accepted and hung nicely Mr. Bruenech's picture also.

Among the many Torontonians who are going to Europe this summer is Miss Mabel S. Hicks, the brilliant young pianist. Miss Hicks will sail in a few weeks by the Allan Line steamship "Parisian," and will visit

musical friends in London during the coronation. Afterwards she will spend her summer vacation continuing her pianoforte studies in London, Paris and Berlin, under three of the greatest living pianists. Miss Hicks will return to Toronto in the fall to resume the teaching of her large class of pupils and fill a number of important concert engagements.

The programme of the charming recital at Chudleigh on Tuesday was as follows: "Since We Parted," "Spanish Love Song," Mr. Alfred O. Beardmore; "The Rose," "The River and the Sea," Miss Mildred Stewart; violin, "Mazurka," "Serenade," Mr. W. Williams; piano, "Spinning Song," "Etude in C Sharp Minor," "Miss Florence Marshall; vocal, "Stille Stcherheit," "A Red, Red Rose," "Nocturne," Mr. Adam Dockray; piano, "Lullaby Dance," Miss Florence Marshall; vocal, "Sunset," Miss Mildred Stewart. Mrs. Blight and Miss Huston were the able accompanists.

At St. Paul's Church, Dunnville, on March 27, Mr. William J. Griffith and Miss Beatrice Audrey Radcliffe, eldest daughter of Mr. Douglas A. Radcliffe, manager of the Ontario Bank at Aurora, were married. Miss Ramsay was bridesmaid and Mr. J. A. Burns best man.

Mr. and Mrs. Griffith left for New York for a short honeymoon, after which they will reside in Dunnville, where Mrs. Griffith will receive after April 10.

Mrs. C. H. Riggs, Mrs. J. J. MacLaren, Miss G. MacLaren, Mrs. E. G. Hellwell, Miss S. E. Dallas, Miss Ramsay, Miss Spencer, Mrs. C. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Dalton, Mr. and Mrs. P. Turner Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. D. Bruce MacDonald, Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Blake, Mrs. Maclean Howard, Miss Howard, Miss Harriett Norris, Miss Helena Madison, Dr. and Mrs. W. Cecil Trotter, Mrs. Jonas Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Dan Rose, Miss Rose, Mr. and Mrs. R. Dawson Harling of Toronto, Mr. C. D. Wright of Buffalo, Miss Florence Harvey, Mrs. Herman Levy and Miss Levy of Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. A. Parfitt of London are recent registrants at the Welland, St. Catharines. Many other Torontonians have been spending some days or weeks there and receiving much benefit from the saline baths.

Dr. Harvard Y. McNaught, who has been visiting his people in Toronto for the past month, has returned to Los Angeles, Cal., where he will enter upon his new position as resident medical superintendent of the fine new Emergency and General Hospital now nearing completion.

The young people of the West End are awaiting with pleasant anticipation the Old Orchard Hockey Club's dance in the Masonic Hall, Parkdale, on the 11th inst. The patronesses will be Mrs. Robert Grant, Mrs. J. J. Graham, Mrs. R. J. Orr, Mrs. G. W. Scott, Mrs. R. Constantine Griffith, Mrs. Edward Wheeler, Mrs. T. Boyd, Mrs. R. L. Brereton and Mrs. Julian Sale.

Miss Edna McNaught entertained at the tea hour last Tuesday for Miss Elliot of Detroit. Among the invited guests were Miss Elliot (Detroit), Mrs. W. H. Lee, Miss Lillian Lee, Mrs. Gus Burritt, Miss Phemie Smith, Mrs. Ross Gooderham, Miss Annie Michie, Miss Eileen Gooderham, Miss Daisy Murray, Miss Bonnick, the Misses Cowan, Miss Howitt, Miss Raines, Miss Marion Barker and Miss Florence Taylor.

A most delightful little tea was given on Monday afternoon in the Turkish and Nile rooms at McConkey's by Mrs. Joseph Reed for her charming daughter-in-law, Mrs. Le Grand Reed, who came up from Franklin, Pa., last week for a short visit in town with her relatives and friends. Mrs. Reed's tea was for just a dozen, who gathered most sociably about a pretty round tea-table centered with a tall crystal vase of carnations and garlanded with pink ribbons and ferns, and enjoyed an hour so cozily as to make them wish for more such informal and pleasant affairs. Mrs. Reed wore a very smart black dress, relieved with white, and a pretty soft white toque, with pink roses. The fair visitor was in green and white silk, with a very smart chapeau. Mrs. Carl Reed, another daughter-in-law, was in bisque, with hat to match. Mrs. Burritt and Miss Phemie Smith, Mrs. A. Huyck Garret, Mrs. Dick McGaw and her guest, Miss Marshall, one belle Americaine, Mrs. E. O. Bickford, Mrs. Harley Roberts, Mrs. Fred Somerville and Mrs. Denison were the guests at Mrs. Reed's pretty little tea. Mrs. Le Grand Reed went on Tuesday to visit Mrs. Harley Roberts for a short while.

I heard from Mrs. Alan Sullivan, who was with Mr. Sullivan at the Windsor, Montreal, this week, that she was leaving immediately for England with her husband, who was going on business to the Old Land. A brief visit in Montreal gave Mr. Sullivan's friends and relatives a chance to be very nice and hospitable to his sweet little wife.

Miss Labatt went to Hamilton for Easter. Miss Pardee of Sarnia has been for some time visiting Miss Ellis Crease. Mr. Eddie Barker and Mr. Frank Drake very much enjoyed a short visit at Niagara Falls, to attend the marriage of Miss Beatrice Ferguson and Dr. Wilson, on Monday.

Miss Paton of Montreal paid a brief visit to Toronto this week and was entertained by Mrs. Grace. A number of Torontonians went up to Hamilton to see the performance inaugurated by the Coates-Angostini people in aid of one of the popular institutions of the Ambitious City. We shall see the same things here next Thursday and Friday, with a Saturday matinee at Massey Hall. Mr. W. A. MacKinnon of Ottawa was in town this week.

A whist congress began at McConkey's on Thursday of last week, at which players assembled from all over Ontario. The attendance far exceeded all former resorts. Players recalled with regret the fact that since the last congress one of the enthusiastic whist players, Mrs. Tiedale, has been called away. By the way, apropos of the whist congress, a very fine book on the principles and practice of whist has

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Just been published in Philadelphia by Henry T. Coates & Co. The authors are Lennard Leigh and Ernest Bergholt, and one chapter by Mr. W. H. Whitfield, a Cambridge M. A., on "Probabilities," will be of great interest to whist enthusiasts. Lennard Leigh has also gotten out a splendid manual of "bridge" whist.

Dr. Percy Vivien of Barrie paid a short visit to Toronto last week. He is looking exceedingly well, and devotes his time to a large and increasing practice in Barrie, having settled down as a Benedict and finding his new life and home the "happiest ever."

Mr. R. S. Williams, manager C. B. of C., spent the Easter holidays in Toronto, the guest of his sister-in-law, Mrs. Musgrave. Mrs. Godfrey of Atlanta, Ga., who has been so ill in hospital, is now convalescing very nicely at Ravenswood, the guest of Mrs. G. Allen Arthurs.

Professor and Mrs. Ramsay Wright will go next month to the Eastern Provinces, where Professor Ramsay Wright has some biological work to attend to.

Mr. Vivian Brown Wallis of Schenectady, N.Y., was in town this week. Mrs. Edward Hay of Rosedale, who has been so seriously ill for a long time, is much better. Miss Marian Hay went to the Wilson-Ferguson wedding on Monday and officiated as one of the bride's attendant maidens.

Next Tuesday a concert in aid of St. Matthias' Church is on the tapis and will be given in Trinity Convocation Hall.

Exceedingly beautiful and interesting music was the rule in all the churches on Easter Sunday, and the floral decorations were quite the most elaborate and exquisite yet seen.

Mrs. and Miss Freda Morgan spent Easter in Guelph. Mr. Harry Searth and Mr. Walter Kingsmill spent the holiday with their people in town.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Van Norman and Miss Van Norman sailed per steamship "Campania" on Saturday last for England and the Continent. They will spend several months abroad and return to London to witness the ceremonies in connection with the coronation of King Edward.

On Monday evening the musical people of society will be gratified by that delightful combination of heaven-stormers, Josef Hofmann, the pianist; Jean Gerardy, cellist, and Fritz Kreisler, violinist.

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66 **M**ORNING, 'Life. Didn't expect to see you here. Thought you'd be givin' us fellows a pretty wide berth. When 're ye goin' to start out on the missionary business?' It was the bantering voice of Jerry Pull, the presiding genius of the Mansion House bar-room.

"Go on, Jerry, what are you giving us?" said the strapping six-footer, who had just come in from the stable yard, with a pair of beautifully matched bull-terriers at his heels.

"Goin' to sell yer sportin' dogs an' give the mon' to the poor?" continued the bar-keep, throwing a wink at a select party of habitués seated near the window.

"Sell Blinker and Beefer?" not while I have the price of a drink in my clothes, Jerry," replied Elijah Todhunter, stooping and patting both his dogs affectionately. "And seeing as this has been a pretty fair season—yes, sir, pretty fair—in the horse business, I don't reckon on reaching my last nickel for a few days yet. Bu' say, Jerry, what's the meaning of this 'slack' they're all giving me, anyway?"

"Slack?" said Jerry. "Why, old fellow, it's reported you got religion last night. Haven't you been attendin' all these revival meetin's? The boys say you've been there four nights hand-runnin'—they seen you goin' in."

"Life tufted with an exclamation of disgust and denial—just one sharp, summarizing expletive. Then he cracked a fifty-cent piece on the top of the pine bar with enough force to mark the soft wood with an impress of the milled edge.

"Step up, boys," he said, with a wave to the arm-chair philosophers; "the drinks are on me this time."

But Elijah Todhunter, the horse-buyer and all-round sporting man, took a lemon soda while his friends disposed of sterner stuff. Then, without offering a word of explanation of the reports on which the jovial servant of Bacchus had based his jests, Elijah turned the conversation to other matters—the price of horseflesh, the records of Blinker and Beefer as prize winners at the bench shows, "Buck" Burnside's homing pigeons, Job Enfield's new silo, and a score of other subjects of current comment in the village and township.

Having talked and listened with equal intelligence, till there seemed to be nothing more to talk about, the horse-buyer asked Jerry Pull for the latest Toronto paper, and, pulling a chair up to the fire, sat down and busied himself with his pipe and the last night's news.

Not for a dozen years had slow and sleepy Duncanville been so disturbed as by the union revival services now going on in the dingy old agricultural hall—the largest assembly room in the place. The Rev. Winterburn Packard, professional evangelist, had fairly kicked the town into a consciousness of sin. Duncanville was not in the ordinary sense a bad town—just a common country village, with six stores besides the post-office, a bank, a woolen mill, two taverns, a blacksmith and wagon-shop, an annual fair, a railway, and a market. Its people were much the same as people in most other country-places—somewhat superficial and conventional in their standards of conduct, addicted just a trifle to gossip, and uncharitable speaking, possibly too prone to measure merit by success, yet on the whole a kindly disposed, right-intentioned, temperate, clean-living and honest people.

But since the advent of the Rev. Winterburn Packard, Duncanville had seemed, in the eyes of many of its own best citizens, to be a very stronghold of sin and uncleanness. It was as though the town had been rocked from its nethermost foundations by an earthquake shock. No gaping fissures had as yet appeared in the thin earth-rind on which Duncanville, in common with other human habitations, stands surrounded o'er bottomless lakes of fire. But the very smell of brimstone was in the air, and it would have occasioned no surprise to the local saints had the solid earth dissolved at any moment and precipitated the whole of sinful creation into the pit of everlasting torment. Revivalist Packard had figuratively taken Duncanville by the scruff of the neck and dangled it over the bad place till its garb of mere respectability was all on its quivering body and it yelled for mercy. Everybody was taking the shortest cut to the penitential bench with the least delay practicable. Steady church-goers, self-confessed worriers, even the few open scoffers of the village—both sexes and all ranks and conditions of people—"old men and babes and loving friends and youths and maidens gay"—were being nightly gathered into the fold. Not since the postmaster's son had eloped with old Dr. Rubbidge's young wife and burglers had blown the safe at the railway station, both in the same night, had Duncanville experienced such a spasm of excitement.

Now, to be quite fair, the instrument by whom such miracles were wrought upon a blind and faithless generation was a man of no mean stature, morally or intellectually. But as he stood above the average in character and brain power, so the psychic side of his nature seemed to have been endowed at the expense of the physical. The Rev. Winterburn Packard was not ten years out of the divinity school. But though still in the bloom and promise of the thirties, he looked to have spent ages in fighting the hosts of Satan. He was a rather short, spare man in immaculate black clothes, that always looked as though he had just had them carefully pressed without troubling to remove them from his person; and it seemed as if the oft-repeated ironings had, in the long course of years, flattened his body till, looked at sideways, it resembled the lath and canvas trees that are used on the stage. His complexion was that of an underdone tea-biscuit. His eyes, small and piercing black, were imprisoned behind a pair of large, unrimmed, close-fitting spectacles, as if to prevent their jumping out of his

head in moments of rhetorical and emotional abandon. His hair, once dark—lang syne, in the forgotten days of his youth—was now well streaked with gray, and clung in a shaggy mass at the nape of the neck by way of counterbalance to the beetling brow that seemed to threaten to disturb the possessor's vertebral equilibrium. However, one soon forgot the peculiarities of his person in listening to the music of his voice as he pictured the lost estate of man and pointed the way to salvation in language fluent and tumultuous as the rush of waters over the precipice of Niagara.

It was true that Elijah Todhunter, horse-dealer and sporting character, had been a fairly regular attendant at the revival services. But the reason was not so much because he had fallen under the peculiar spell of Brother Packard—a spell not likely to be very potent with a man of Elijah's temperament and training—as because he had fallen under a spell of much subtler and more insidious kind, the spell of a woman's heart.

For three months Elijah had been paying somewhat regular calls at the home of Joshua Kipperton, a prosperous farmer just outside the village; and although the excuse always was that "Life had to see Josh about some horses or colts, there was a suspicion abroad that the horse-dealer had more pressing business with Josh's daughter Agnes than with Josh. When Elijah came to the revival meeting with Agnes the very next night after she had gone up to the penitential bench the tongue of every local Grundy was set a-wagging. And when he came a second time and a third and a fourth, Duncanville was ready for an immediate announcement of the wedding-day.

Agnes was a good girl, and sincere in her profession of a change of heart, as in her desire that such a change might come to the big, cheerful, kind but worldly fellow whose attentions she had accepted and to whom she yielded a secret homage of affection.

"I'm sorry, Agnes," he said to her, as they went home from one of the meetings. "I wish I could catch this epidemic of religion just to oblige you. But I can't, and there's an end of it. I don't doubt the meetings are doing good, and of course everybody who says so means to lead a better life. I mean to do so myself. I can see where I've made mistakes. But I haven't been intentionally bad, and I can't get up and say I'm a desperate sinner and feel that I'm lost, and all that. Honest now, I can't. There's no use of making a hypocrite of myself, is there?"

Not very deep nor very clear thinking on the momentous question, and yet difficult to meet and answer. Agnes had too much tact to attempt to argue with 'Life, but she made him promise to go again with her the following night, and she trusted inwardly that his eyes might yet be opened, as so many others' had been.

Agnes had her own plan for rousing 'Life from what seemed his spiritual lethargy. A very rash and ill-considered plan it was, but in the state of emotional fervor and religious self-hypnotization to which the good people of Duncanville had wrought themselves, many rash and ill-considered plans were looked upon by their authors as flashes of light from on high and special dispensations of Divine wisdom. Agnes believed that her project had come to her from a source beyond her own intelligence. And she proceeded to carry it out with all the zeal and conviction of a chosen instrument.

She had already spoken to the revivalist about 'Life, and he of the eloquent tongue and tea-biscuit complexion had had a few earnest but unavailing words with the big, straightforward man in one of the after-meetings. Now, she would ask Mr. Packard to make a different move—a flank attack that should take 'Life unawares in his entrenchments.

So next morning she called on the revivalist and had a long heart-to-heart talk with him—one of those confidential outpourings in which overwrought women delight to indulge with persons of the pastoral profession, over their own "experiences" or the spiritual progress of loved ones.

It was in the after-meeting that night that the assault so carefully planned was delivered. Excitement had now reached such a pitch that nearly everyone stayed for these after-

#### Coffee Took It.

**Robbed the Doctor of His Cunning.**

"I was compelled to drink some Java coffee yesterday morning, and suffered so much from its effects that I feel like writing you at once.

"I am 61 years old, and for a great many years have been a coffee-drinker. My nerves finally got into a terrible condition, and for about two years I suffered with sinking spells, and was so nervous that it seemed as though I could hardly live. I suffered untold agonies. My heart would stop, and my kidneys gave me no end of trouble.

"About six months ago I gave up coffee for good and began using Postum. I insisted on knowing that it was properly made by being sufficiently boiled, and I prefer a cup of rich Postum to Java, Mocha, or any other coffee.

"My sinking spells have left me, my head gives me no trouble, now, the kidneys are greatly improved, and, in fact, I feel a great change in my whole body. It is such a comfort to be well again.

"I know a physician in San Antonio who had become so nervous from the use of coffee that his hand trembled so badly that he could not hold a lancet, or even take a splinter out, and could scarcely hold anything in his hand. Finally he quit coffee and began using Postum. Now the doctor's nervousness is all gone and he is in good health." Name given by Postum Company, Battle Creek, Mich.

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No pay until you know it.

After 2,000 experiments I have learned how to cure Rheumatism. Not to turn bony joints into flesh again; that is impossible. But I can cure the disease always, at any stage, and forever.

I ask for no money. Simply write me a postal note and I will send you an order for your nearest druggist for six bottles of Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Cure, for every druggist keeps it. Use it for a month, and if it does what I claim pay your druggist \$5.00 for it. If it doesn't I will pay him myself.

I have no samples. Any medicine that can effect Rheumatism with but a few doses must be drugged to the verge of danger. I use no such drugs. It is only to take them. You must get the disease out of the blood.

My remedy does that, even in the most difficult, obstinate cases. No matter how impossible this seems to you, I know it and I take the risk. I have cured tens of thousands of cases in this way, and my records show that \$9 out of 40 who get those six bottles pay, and pay gladly. I have learned that while in general are honest with a physician, and although the excuse always was that "Life had to see Josh about some horses or colts, there was a suspicion abroad that the horse-dealer had more pressing business with Josh's daughter Agnes than with Josh. When Elijah came to the revival meeting with Agnes the very next night after she had gone up to the penitential bench the tongue of every local Grundy was set a-wagging. And when he came a second time and a third and a fourth, Duncanville was ready for an immediate announcement of the wedding-day.

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It was the next morning that the conversation in the bar-room of the Mansion House took place.

"Life did not go to the revival service that night. Instead he went for a long walk along the river, with a pipe between his teeth and Blinker and Beefer at his heels. The Third Concession ran in an opposite direction from the Kipperton farm. It was late when he came back, and having chained up the terriers turned in.

The palpitating clangor of the school-bell beat itself into the dazed consciousness of the slumbering village about two o'clock in the morning. An angry glare danced fitfully in the main street, as red streaks of flame shot through the smoke-vomiting windows in the second story of the bank building. With every puff the sound of breaking glass added a discordant accompaniment to the growing crackle and roar of the flames. All Duncanville was in the street as soon as the bare essentials of dress could be thrown on.

The bank building was three storeys high and of brick—one of the proudest structures in the village. The "junior" roomed in the second story, and there the fire had originated in the explosion of a lamp left burning for the night. In the third story lived Judd, the carpenter, his wife, who swept out the bank and "made up" the junior's room, and their three young children.

No one who has not seen a midnight fire in a small community unaccustomed to such casualties and with only the most primitive resources of protection at hand, can form a true conception of the excitement that attends such an experience. Duncanville's bank stood slightly apart from other buildings, but owing to its height and the headway the fire had already gained, much property might be involved. Men dashed madly about collecting buckets and pails of all sorts with which to form a line from the river; others were breaking in a stable door to get out the antiquated hand-engine that had done service at three fires in a dozen years. But above all the babel, and adding a piercing note of tragedy to the calamity, rose the shriek of a mother's voice bewailing the fate of one of her children and beseeching someone to enter the fiery furnace and rescue her darling. With that voice in their ears the motley crowd stood helpless, oppressed with a vast horror. The father and mother and two children were safe; a third, overlooked in the scramble for exit,

remained in the doomed building, in the calm slumber of innocence. Father or mother would gladly have gone in to save the missing lamb or perish with it, but strong hands held them back.

"Will no one volunteer?" called the Rev. Winterburn Packard, pacing up and down before the crowd, waving his arms toward the burning building and anon covering his pale face with his hands as if he himself would go, did his strength suffice or could he shut out the impending fate of any who might enter that stronghold of flame. "For the love of God and the price of an immortal soul, will no one volunteer?" So easy is it to call others to great deeds, so hard to step into the breach oneself.

But a cry arose from someone at the back of the crowd—a cry taken up instantly and swelled to a mighty cheer. At one of the third storey windows appeared in the glare of the forked flames and the reek of smoke a man, with a terrified child clinging about his neck.

"A blanket!" he shouted—his voice coming as from a great distance beyond the fire. "Quick, a stout blanket and six strong men. Here, below!"—pointing to a space where there seemed to be a providential opening in the draft of up-curling fire.

Seconds seem like hours, minutes like days, in such a fearsome case. But at last the blanket was brought, and six men, firmly grasping its edges, braced themselves with might and main. Then there was a little struggle piteous to behold at that upper window, the child clinging to its fellow-brother in danger, seeming almost to prefer the ordeal of fire to the perils of the hideous plunge. But the little arms were unlocked; the tender, firm and reassuring touch of a master-hand was imparted—perhaps the brave word spoken; and down through the hot, red-litten air shot the small body, straight into the well-held blanket, bouncing up again with the resiliency of a rubber ball, but caught in strong, eager arms—terrified, screaming, but unharmed! And another cheer—a cheer half sigh, half sob—went up from the multitude.

For a time—how long, who of that waiting throng could say?—the man disappeared from the window. Then he came back. All egress except by the dread drop from thirty feet above the flinty street had been cut off. The flames were licking along the upper cornice and framing the windows where he stood with mouldings of fire. "Can you hold it, boys? It's my only chance!" he shouted, above the roar, to the men with the blanket.

"Courage! We'll stay with you!" came the answer, as they gathered once more where the dry, sickening heat seemed to parch the very blood in their hands and faces. The blanket was stretched. "Ready!" signalled one of the men.

But just then a dull, muffled roar rose from the burning building and spread outward with clouds of countless millions of sparks, that poured from every window and swept upward in a hurricane of living fire. Men cried out in their horror—a wild, formless cry as of some tortured dumb beast—and women turned away with palms pressing hot upon their eyeballs to shut out the sight. The floor of the third story, freighted with its priceless hero-heart, had fallen in.

In the morning Blinker and Beefer found themselves without a master. And next day, which was Sunday, the Rev. Winterburn Packard preached from the words "Behold there appeared a chariot of fire, and Elijah went up by a whirlwind into heaven."

And much people was added unto the Lord.

#### The Spring Feeling.

**Variable Spring Weather Disastrous to Weak People.**

**Even Usually Robust People Feel Run Down, and Out of Sorts at This Time—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Are The Very Best Spring Tonic.**

The spring months are a trying time to most people. At no other time of the year do they feel so run down, so hard to gain and to hold. You do not feel that you are really sick, but you feel about as bad as you could if you were seriously ill. That feeling ought to be got rid of—and it can be. What you need is a tonic to enrich the blood and free it from the impurities which have lodged in your system during the winter, and which are responsible for your present condition. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is the only reliable, never-failing tonic medicine. These pills make rich blood, strengthen the nerves and bring health and vitality to every organ in the body. They are an ideal spring medicine and the best thing in the world for all diseases having their origin in impoverished or impure blood. The case of Miss Belle Cohoon, White Rock Mills, N.S., is strong corroboration of these statements. She says: "Three years ago this spring I was very much run down. The least exertion exhausted me. I seemed to lose ambition, and a feeling of languor and sluggishness took its place. My appetite failed me and my sleep at nights was disturbed and restless. In fact, I was in a pitiable condition. After trying two or three medicines without benefit, I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and they speedily worked a change for the better, and by the time I had used a half-dozen boxes I felt stronger than I had done for years. I have since taken the pills in the spring, and I find them an excellent tonic."

Because of their thorough and prompt action on the blood and nerves these pills speedily cure anaemia, rheumatism, sciatica, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, scrofula and eruptions of the skin, erysipelas, kidney and liver troubles and the functional ailments which make the lives of so many women a source of constant misery. Other so-called tonic pills are mere imitations of this sterling remedy. Get the genuine, with the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" on the wrapper around every box. Sold by all medicine dealers or sent postpaid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.

## SUNLIGHT SOAP

Two washings with Sunlight Soap wear the linen less than One washing with impure soap.

**REDUCES EXPENSE**

Ask for the Octagon Bar. If your grocer cannot supply, write to LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, Toronto, sending his name and address, and a trial sample of Sunlight Soap will be sent you free of cost.

#### The Isle of the Lush Bananas.

A MILLIONAIRE and a beggar suffered shipwreck and both were cast upon an uninhabited island which abounded in bananas. The millionaire, whose property was all in railroads, did not lose a cent by the shipwreck, but the poor beggar saved only the shirt on his back—which, indeed, was the only shirt he had had for longer than he could remember.

When they found themselves on the shore the millionaire nodded affably to the beggar and said: "I don't remember to have seen you before, but I suppose you must have been on the steamer. Second cabin?"

"No, steward. It's cheaper."

"Ah, yes, I hadn't thought of that. Well, this shipwreck is something of a leveler, and we might as well be friendly and see how we can help each other until we are rescued. What can you do?"

"I? Oh, I can beg."

"I'm afraid that in the absence of inhabitants that is a useless accomplishment," replied the millionaire.

"Well, what can you do, yourself?"

"I can beg," said the beggar.

"A very just remark," said the millionaire. "I see that we are on the same footing and the outlook is discouraging."

"That is just where I fail to agree with you," said the beggar. "For the first time since I can remember I can live without begging. See, the island is full of bananas."

"But," said the other, "bananas don't agree with me."

"You should have bought a better digestion when your money had purchasing power. Still, if you don't like fruit, there are fish. I see them leaping in the cove there, and we can make fire with your spectacles for a burning-glass."

"But fish almost poison me. I never eat them."

"Well, you are difficult. But there is a small bird."

"I never eat them without the accompaniment of a cold bottle. Still, I suppose I could go a small bird if you caught it and cooked it."

The twain spent months on the island, and the beggar grew fat while the millionaire became as thin as an ascetic.

One day, while the millionaire watched the beggar making a meal of weak fish and fried bananas he said: "I would give all my millions (if I could get at them) for your appetite."

"There have been times," said the beggar, "when I would have jumped at your offer, but as we seem out of the track of steamers I won't even consider it. And to tell the truth, I don't believe that all your millions would make these fish any more delicate to my palate nor would seven millions buy so luscious a banana in New York as this that is now slipping over my tongue. But as for you, if you could buy my appetite it would be cheap at any price, for I am happy and fat and you are starving and sad. A word of advice. Next time you begin life see to it that you get an appetite for nourishing things along with your money, for there is more food in the world than there are places where money is valuable."—Charles Battell Loomis in "Saturday Evening Post."

#### Mark Twain on "Gentlemen."

COMMENTING on Mrs. Astor's alleged statement, that "without a college education no man can be a gentleman," Mark Twain says that "perhaps Mrs. Astor, when she uses the word 'gentleman,' does not have the same meaning in view that we people have." He thinks she probably means "a leader of cotillions; a spick and span dandy, who knows enough to observe the ordinary rules of politeness when he is on parade, and who has a valet at home to tell him what clothes are proper to wear."

Twain's idea of a gentleman is "a kindly, courteous, unselfish man, who thinks first not of himself, but of his fellow-men; not one of those 'chaps,' who are in reality the most selfish men on earth," and he adds: "Take the men of prominence in the United States to-day and pick out the true gentlemen. I'll venture that nine out of ten of them never had a high school education, let alone a college education. Why, the first gentleman I ever knew was an old California miner, who could hardly write his own name. He was a '49er, and he and his partner had struck it rich in the early days. The old man had neither chick nor child, and he had worked hard all his life, and when he did get his money he hardly knew what to do with it. He didn't try to jump into society, or to push his way with the 'big fellows' there. He continued to live with the people he had associated with all his life, and many an act of kindness was done, many a wandering son and father saved, many a sorrowing woman's burden lightened and her life brightened by an unknown donor whose identity was only known to a few. It was different with his partner. He had a wife and two daughters with social aspirations, and after a whole lot of pushing and hauling and shoving they landed in society. The expense was too much of a drain on the husband's purse, and he speculated, with the inevitable outcome. He lost his entire fortune and shot himself. Then it was the true gentleness of the old man showed itself. The widow and her daughters had no one to turn to but him, and he did not disappoint them. He saved their home for them when everything else went under the hammer, and he maintained them in it in all the regal style to which they were accustomed, although he still lived in his old lodgings. He lived long enough to see both of the girls well married and the mother comfortably settled for life. Then he

died in a charity hospital in San Francisco. He had spent every penny he owned on the family of his partner. That is what I call a gentleman."

**TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY**  
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 50c.

Miss Antiqua—They say his dissipation is telling on him. Miss Cutting (his loyal fiancée)—No; it's his friends who are doing all that.

**Only vegetable oils—and no coarse animal fats—are used in making**

**"Baby's Own Soap"**

**PURE, FRAGRANT, CLEANSING.**

Doctors recommend it for Nursery and Toilet use.

Beware of Imitations.

Albert Toilet Soap, Mfrs., Montreal.

**This College Opens for the Easter Term April 1st**

**REGISTER NOW**

British American Business College  
Y.M.C.A. Building, Toronto, Ont.  
David Hoskins, C.A., Principal.

**SOW THE**

**"Queen City" LAWN GRASS SEED**

And you will have a beautiful lawn. It's much cheaper and better than sodding.

Per lb. 25c.  
Special Packet, 10c.

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**O'Keefe's Special**

**Turn It Upside Down**

—DRINKS IT ALL  
—NO DRESS  
—NOT CARBONATED

The success attained in the short time this Ale has been before the public is unprecedented.

A single trial will convince.

To be had at all hotels and dealers

**The O'KEEFE BREWERY CO. of Toronto Limited**

**Want Your Clothes Pressed?**

'Phone Main 1862 and we will do the rest. Reasonable prices and the best work.

A card or 'phone will bring you our prices.

**Cheesworth's Clothes Press**

130 KING STREET WEST

We are showing this week  
Select Designs for Men's Waists in

**New York Novelties**

**Anderson's Zephyrs**

Our own specialities in  
All-Wool Taffetas—Unshrinkable Flannels,  
Etc.

**WREYFORD & CO., 85 King St. West**



## 5

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make you'll be satisfied.

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H. & C. BLACHFORD, 114 Yonge

The Stout Girl—I think Lent is just too lovely for anything.  
The Rector—I am glad you view it in that way, my child.  
The Stout Girl—Yes; just think. One may be religious and lose weight.





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NO. 21.

## The Drama

ESTER week and the Exhibition season are generally, in this city, amongst the least interesting portions of the theatrical year from the standpoint of local patrons of the stage. When the town is full of visitors from the four corners of the province, managers endeavor to put on something that will hit the fancy of those whose opportunities to attend the theater are limited. Old standbys, such as "The Little Minister" and "Shore Acres," can generally be seen at such a time—wholesome plays, of which everyone has heard, but which most city people have seen ad nauseam. If anything in the musical line is given, it is certain to be something light and gaudy, like "The Strollers." The theaters this week have been crowded with strangers, who have enjoyed to the full Barrie's dramatized novel at Shea's, James A. Herne's pleasing pastoral at the Grand, and the giddy and tuneful mélange of the Nixon and Zimmerman Company at the Princess.

When such unthinking and ridiculous attacks are being made on the theater in general by ignoramuses and puritanical faddists, it is well that scholars and educationists should devote some small attention to intelligent study of the recent drama. In the Modern Language Section of the Ontario Educational Association on Tuesday, there was a very delightful discussion of "Dramatists of To-day," led by Mr. Hector Charlesworth, well known as a dramatic critic under the pen-name of "Touchstone," and Professor Davidson. The former dealt with the English dramatist Pinero and the latter with the French dramatist Hervieu. Professors Squair and Cameron of the University of Toronto, and Principal Radcliffe of the London Collegiate Institute, contributed to the discussion that ensued.

"Harper's Weekly," in discussing the genesis of the variety show, says that in all probability it was a direct outgrowth of negro minstrelsy, and that to a certain old-time manager, named Valentine, belongs the honor of having first used the word "variety" in this connection. Mr. Valentine, who was about to open a house of amusement on the East Side of New York, consulted a friend, who remarked: "Well, what sort of a show are you going to give?" To which Mr. Valentine responded, "I'm going to have a variety of things in my entertainment." "Why don't you call it a variety show, then?" suggested the friend, and thereupon the house was opened as a variety theater. With due respect for the opinion of "Harper's Weekly," it seems more probable that the American variety show had its origin in the circus than in negro minstrelsy. When a circus was obliged to go into winter quarters, what more likely than that its acrobats and clowns should turn an honest penny by giving performances under a roof instead of under canvas? The London music hall is probably older than negro minstrelsy, and that light form of entertainment strictly called "vaudeville" is an old institution in France, from which the modern variety show may easily have developed. But our neighbors must claim the credit of having originated everything in sight!

The London "Outlook" assigns a curious reason for the failure of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones' new play, "The Princess' Nose," which was out of joint at its recent first production in London. The piece was slated as "vulgar." "Let us consider," says the "Outlook," and goes on to state: "The story is unpleasant but not more unpleasant and less diverting than others we have known to succeed. Mr. Jones is painting the great world as he believes the great world to be. Now, Mr. Jones, as people seem to have forgotten, is (of all those things which you would least expect) a disciple of Mr. Matthew Arnold, and has learned at the knee of that sage that the upper class in these islands is barbarian. So here you have the barbarians painted barbarous-like and no mistake." The acting of the leading role of Miss Irene Vanbrugh, who was so successful as Mr. John Hare's leading woman in "The Gay Lord Quex," and who has been seen in Toronto in that capacity, is praised by all the critics.

On the 21st of March, der Deutsche Verein of Harvard University gave the fifth annual performance of Schonthan and Kadelburg's three-act drama, "Der Herr Senator." Amongst the patronesses of the performance I notice the name of Mrs. Charlton Black (Agnes Knox).

Here is a sample of dramatic criticism as it is written for readers of a Western paper: "It (one of Clyde Fitch's plays) is a dropical sort of drama, unwholesomely distended with turgid rhetoric, false sentiment, unnatural ideals, tautologous emotions, and an over-inflated plot. The author should perform a surgical operation and let out quantities of useless and obstructing matter, but even so, the play would continue to lack the sanity and simplicity necessary to give it more than the merest temporary tenure of life."

A contemporary suggests as a curious commentary on the morale of the theater that plagiarism has never been regarded there as a very serious offence. By people of the stage and by the general public it has always been looked upon as a joke, or, at worst, a merely questionable procedure. In all other departments of arts and letters, plagiarism is deemed the meanest of sins. To steal a man's brains, to fitch profit and glory from another's toil and talent, to masquerade as a lion in the pelt, even though

acquired by purchase of one whom need or guile lures to the sacrifice—that is among the meanest of crimes, because it is the most fraudulent and because it is the one for which due punishment is the most difficult and unlikely. And everywhere except in the theater the penalty is dreadful—the absolute contempt of decent men and ostracism in the domain where the offender calculated to walk with the elect. In the theater, says the same writer, plagiarism is nothing reprehensible—rather clever, indeed—and the victim of the offence usually bears all the odium involved, because of his lack of shrewdness or his misfortune. LANCE.

The story of "Sporting Life," the English drama which comes to the Grand Opera House next week, like all of its predecessors, deals with the happenings in the daily lives of the members of the "upper circles," but it is claimed that the authors, Cecil Raleigh and Seymour Hicks, have evolved a number of entirely new dramatic situations and so deftly interwoven those with melodramatic material of the standard variety as to render this piece unique. The reckless career of a spendthrift young lord, the Earl of Woodstock, provides the theme of the play. His passion for manly sports and the race course leads young Woodstock to the brink of financial ruin, and he gets into the hands of money lenders. His particular money lender is a disgrace to his craft, for he not only fails to foreclose at the earliest possible moment, but actually tides the nobleman over his difficulties and is the real means of his being able to recoup his shattered fortune.

Henry Miller, who makes his first stellar appearance in Toronto Monday evening next at the Princess Theater, while not a native of Canada, was a resident of this city for many years, and made his professional debut here. This is a fact which has been somewhat overlooked by the recorders of Toronto's contribution to the histrionic art. Mr. Miller was born in Islington, London, England, in 1859. He came to Canada in 1871, and after studying with C. W. Coudlock began his professional life in 1879 in a production of "Amy Robsart," given in Toronto. He then joined Mme. Modjeska, and later played with Adelaide Neilson and Ada Cavendish, before joining Augustin Daly's New York company as its juvenile. He was the juvenile of Daniel Frohman's stock company in "The Wife" and "Sweet Lavender," he originated Kercheval West in "She-andoah," he was leading man of Charles Frohman's Empire Theater company in "Sowing the Wind," Gudgeon's "Liberty Hall," "The Councillor's Wife," "The Masqueraders," and "Bohemia." He began to star November 6, 1896, in "Heartsease," following it with "The Only Way," and this season with "D'Arcy of the Guards." It seems almost incredible that an actor so well known as Mr. Miller should never have played in a leading part in the city which first saw him act, but such is the undoubted fact, which will no longer be a fact after next week.

"Here and there a cotten's babe is royal born, by right divine." This line of Tennyson's defines most clearly the innate nobility, the royal nature possessed by the hero of "Brother Officers," Lieutenant John Hinds, V.C., late sergeant 10th Dragoons, sometime private in H.M.S., and before that a ragged urchin on the race track. "A book-maker's little brat"—now risen to be the associate of gentlemen—playing David to the Jonathan of an Earl's grandson. When so many obstacles had been overcome in his youth, one might expect his manhood's path to be strewn with roses, but not so. He continues through life to sacrifice himself for others, his reward being in the thought of their joy. The story is intensely interesting, and besides the entertaining love affair of the principals, "Brother Officers" contains a rich comedy element. The various scenes give the ladies opportunity to display some splendid costumes. "Brother Officers" will be presented by Shea's Stock Company next week.

### A Case of Compromise.

("South Africa must be either British or Dutch."—Daily paper.)  
There is a little story—I've often heard it told—  
About a certain Cadi who lived and ruled of old;  
Who, through the Sultan's kingdom, was famed as learned  
And wise,  
For settling every question by simple compromise.  
One day two suitors entered—the day was hot and dry—  
The Cadi yawned, and stroked his beard, and winked one  
sleepy eye;  
For stumbling on between them, they led a spavined ass,  
Who looked as if 'twould profit him to be put out on grass.  
Both suitors claimed the donkey—a worthless brute, indeed—  
The Cadi weighed the arguments and instantly decreed  
That giving him to either would be of small avail,  
So Hassan should possess the head and Ghaz should have  
the tail.  
And all who heard the judgment swore, by the Prophet's  
eyes,  
There never was sounder justice nor wiser compromise.  
But Ghaz and Hassan only, of all the applauding crowd,  
Went from before the Cadi with curses deep, not loud.  
For, one said, "I must feed him—he'll eat a thousand  
ricks!"  
And one said, "Beard of Allah! I've but the part that  
kicks."

In modern times one often hears men esteemed as wise  
Talk of the joy of settling some quarrel by compromise.  
But much experience teacheth, beyond a shade of doubt,  
It's usually much safer to fight the difference out.  
For one side gets the tail end, and one side gets the head,  
And neither is contented when all is done and said.  
Half loaves may serve a purpose—half donkeys are a snare!  
Of gifts the Greeks could offer, beware! and thrice be-  
ware!  
J. A. T.

### Something Awful.



The Girls—Wot yer all dressed up fer, Willie—some of  
yer folks dead?  
Willie—Worse 'an dat.  
The Girls—Goin' ter be took ter de dentist's?  
Willie—Worse 'an dat.  
The Girls—Gee, Willie! wot's goin' ter be did ter yer?  
Willie—I'm goin' ter have my pictur' took.

### His Intentions.



"I ca'culate," said Trapper Ike, "t' go over th' mount-  
ing tomorrow an' git th' hide o' one o' them golf lynxes I  
heard the city fellers talk about. I need a new cap."

### The Transforming of the West.

ALL reports from the Canadian North-West agree as  
to the steady invasion of our western soil by  
"Americans." We who live in Ontario and look  
across wide expanses of water when we turn our  
eyes in the direction of the United States, are apt to forget  
that there is no natural boundary in the vast prairie and  
mountain country of the West—but only a geographer's  
line, not visible to the eye, and of slight consequence as an  
obstacle to the free movement of restless man. Across this  
invisible boundary thousands of people have come and are  
coming northward, in quest of newer land and larger op-  
portunities to farm and trade. Many of the invaders, it is  
true, were born in the old log farmhouses of Ontario, and  
went west when Uncle Sam's big patch of prairie land was  
first being broken up. Still others are the children of par-  
ents who looked on this country as home. All these come  
back to Canadian soil with some feeling of kinship to our  
people, and some love or respect for our institutions. But  
the vast majority of the newcomers, it is said, are out and  
out "Americans." Even the Canadians and descendants of  
Canadians who have lived for some years on the soil of the  
Republic bring back with them to Canadian territory  
"American" notions and a disposition to question ideas  
and methods that are not questioned here. They have all  
been subjected in some measure to the marvelous assimila-  
tory processes of the Republic, and all, in some measure,  
are "Americans," though of Canadian origin or stock.

As the Western States get more crowded, the overflow  
into the Canadian North-West is sure to become greater.  
Will it, in time, swamp us? That is a question men familiar  
with the West are commencing to ask themselves in all  
seriousness. It is admitted the center of population and  
power in Canada must pass from East to West. Granting  
that there are no reasons in necessity or expediency for  
the political unification of North America, but, on the con-  
trary, strong arguments in favor of the division of so vast  
an area under two administrative heads, the fact remains  
that, with an ever-increasing fluency of population and  
trade in the great Western reaches of the continent, a pro-  
cess of intellectual and moral assimilation—even more rapid  
than the similar process observable in the East—is bound  
to take place. Canada, it is argued, though maintaining a  
distinct existence politically, must in literature, in morals,  
in social institutions and ideals, approximate more and  
more to the standards of her lusty neighbor. Especially  
so if, as seems probable, our West becomes filled up with  
a teeming population, largely derived from the United  
States.

Is such a result desirable? And if not, is it avoidable?  
These are great questions, and open up the whole subject  
of our attitude towards immigration. One thing seems  
clear—that the most acute menace to the future of Cana-  
dian nationality is likely to arise not in connection with  
racial and religious disagreements in our Eastern provinces,  
but in connection with the settlement of our still far-from-  
settled West. The difficulty will not be to bring in settlers;  
the difficulty will come after the settlers are planted on  
our soil. We shall need all our wisdom, all our patience,  
all our reserve force, to deal with the problems bound to  
arise in the country between Lake Superior and the  
Rockies. Those who realize this fact will be slow to dis-  
sipate the assimilative force of our people in unnecessary  
estrangements on racial lines.  
LANCE.



### A Pipe-Dream.

"That's a queer story  
the papers are telling about  
smuggling Chinamen from  
Canada to the United  
States in the garb of  
nuns," remarked the Oc-  
casional Contributor.

"Yes, but it's an old  
one," I said. "It has done

duty several times before."  
"Did it ever strike you," pursued the O. C., disregard-  
ing the gratuitous information, "that if mankind achieves  
some of the mechanical triumphs he hopes for, it would not  
be necessary for Chinamen to disguise themselves to evade  
the immigration tax, nor would smugglers have to run the  
gauntlet of the New York or Suspension Bridge officers,  
nor could all the censors in creation keep tab on intelligence  
sent through the ether?"

"What in the name of Sam Hill are you driving at  
now?" I asked.

"Why, just three things—" said my caller, "air ships,  
submarine boats, and wireless telegraphy. And there's no  
doubt all three will come yet to practicable form and have  
the most astonishing development. The human intellect  
masters every problem in mechanics or physics sooner or  
later. Santos-Dumont, Marconi and Holland are the  
pioneers of a new civilization. We are on the threshold of  
an era the imagination fails to picture. Marconi and Hol-  
land have been wonderfully successful in their experiments.

Who could have dreamed of such marvels? Even the  
achievements of Santos-Dumont are astonishing, though  
he has not come as close to commercial success as the other  
two. But he will triumph—or, if he doesn't someone else  
will. The great competition to take place at the St. Louis  
Fair ought to give aerial navigation a big lift on the road  
to success. Now, if these three inventions are destined to  
be practical commercial successes, think what it will mean.  
Why, it must involve the breakdown of nearly all the bar-  
riers to trade and communication now existing as between  
nations. So soon as man can navigate the depths of ocean  
and the heights of air, what becomes of frontiers and cus-  
toms houses, of tariffs, and the whole protectionist system?  
The world, for purposes of communication, will be a unit."

"It's a pipe-dream," I said.  
"Yes, but stranger pipe-dreams have come true," re-  
torted the Occasional Contributor. ASTERISK.

### Notes From the Capital.

Earlier Sunday Teas.—An Era of Gaiety Ushered In.—Wed-  
ding of Miss May Blair.—Other Approaching Marriages.  
—Amateur Theatricals and Charity Sales.—De-  
parture of Lady Minto For England.

THE gaiety of this week stands out in marked con-  
trast with the gloom that fell over society during  
Holy Week, the last days of which were devoted  
entirely to church-going. Social amusements were  
not even mentioned. On Easter Sunday it was  
sufficiently warm and fine to allow of the wearing of Easter  
hats to church, and in the afternoon there were a number  
of small informal teas at which these interesting fore-  
runners of summer were also in evidence.

The boys and girls were all at home for Easter holidays,  
and much of the gaiety of this week was for them, but not  
all, by any means. The State Ball on Wednesday night  
was, of course, the event of the week, but on Friday night  
a very nice dance, which was also a large dance,  
was given by Mrs. W. J. Anderson, wife of the  
manager of the Bank of Montreal, in her handsome  
residence over the bank. The night before, a charming  
dance which was entirely for the younger element took  
place at the residence of Mr. C. Berkeley Powell, M.P.P.  
The hostess at it was Miss Marjorie Powell, who attends  
school in Toronto, and is spending the holidays at home.  
On Thursday Miss Ethel Gormully, who is to be one of the  
April brides, was the guest of honor at a luncheon party  
given by Miss Mary Scott.

On Wednesday afternoon society, both political and  
otherwise, was represented at the wedding of Miss May  
Blair, eldest daughter of the Hon. A. G. and Mrs. Blair.  
She was married to Mr. Walter Clarke of St. John, N.B.  
Mr. Clarke has recently accepted an appointment at Hal-  
ifax, so their home will be in that city. Miss Amy Blair,  
the bride's sister, was the bridesmaid. The best man was  
Mr. Charlie Scofield. The bride wore white satin and  
orange blossoms, and the orthodox veil, and the brides-  
maid's gown was of cream voile, trimmed with insertion  
and dotted with French knots of black silk. There were  
between fifty and sixty guests, all of whom went, after the  
wedding, to a reception at the residence of Mr. and Mrs.  
Blair.

Miss Amy Blair's marriage to Mr. Brewin of England  
takes place on the 4th of June, and will be celebrated in an  
Anglican church, to which denomination Miss Amy Blair  
has belonged since she became engaged to an Anglican  
clergyman. Miss Gwendoline Grant, youngest daughter of  
Sir James Grant, has also chosen the 4th of June as her  
wedding day. It was rumored that Miss Ethel Davies had  
fixed upon the same day, which, considering that much  
the same guests will be invited to the three weddings,  
would have been somewhat awkward. However, Miss  
Davies has chosen another date.

Next Monday night Miss Ethel Davies, who is said to  
be quite a clever amateur actress (her sister, Miss Ger-  
trude Davies, certainly is one), will take part in amateur  
theatricals in aid of St. Luke's Hospital. The play will be  
"Mr. Bobs," and the place of performance the Russell  
Theater. The other actors will be Miss Millie White,  
daughter of Mrs. Thomas White, Miss Ottilie Fellows,  
Mr. F. C. T. O'Hara, Mr. Van Leslie, and Mr. R. Lewis.  
It is, as most amateur performances are in Ottawa, under  
vice-Regal patronage.

There is to be another charity next week in aid of St.  
Luke's Hospital, which is never allowed to be long for-  
gotten. This will be a rummage sale, which means that  
any old thing which is of no particular use to the owner  
may be handed in to the ladies in charge of the sale, and  
probably disposed of. It does not sound a very inviting  
description of entertainment, but it is new, and novelty is  
always attractive. It is certainly an admirable way of dis-  
posing of the rubbish that collects in one's attic, and as  
tastes differ so widely, persons may be found willing to buy  
what other persons have discarded.

The following week the lady friends of St. Patrick's  
Literary Society will hold a large fair in the new building  
which the society has erected in Maria street. The fair is  
in fact to assist in paying for the new building. From what  
one hears, this fair is going to beat all records of fairs at  
the Capital. The entire building is to be turned over to it,  
and while in one part there will be fancy booths and  
such things, in another there is to be a concert hall where  
every night an excellent programme will be given. I did  
hear that a pretty young lady from Toronto who sang at  
St. Patrick's concert might be in Ottawa again and be  
among the principal singers at these concerts. The feature  
of the fair will be a tombola, of which the first prize is to  
be a trip to the Coronation, or the Cork Fair, as the winner  
chooses, and the second prize a seven hundred dollar piano.

On Monday night Mrs. R. L. Borden, wife of the leader  
of the Opposition, will be the hostess at a large reception  
in the Russell House drawing-room. There will probably  
be dancing, although the fact is not stated on the card.  
On Wednesday night of next week the usual weekly official  
reception of the series given by the Cabinet Ministers  
will take place at the residence of the Secretary of  
State. Owing to the fact that Mrs. R. W. Scott is an in-  
valid, her daughter, Miss Mary Scott, will receive, but she  
will have able assistants in her two married sisters, Mrs.  
Everard Fletcher and Mrs. George Desbarats, who are  
both spending some time in Ottawa. On next Friday  
night there will be a large dance at the handsome residence  
of Mr. George Goodwin, in Theodore street, given by his  
daughter, Miss Inez Goodwin, who was one of the winter's  
debutantes; so that next week promises to be as gay as one  
as last week was.

The people who went away for Easter nearly all came  
back for the State Ball, and with such gay prospects it is  
likely that many ladies will decide to spend the remainder  
of the session in Ottawa. However, it must be confessed  
that the approaching departure of the Countess of Minto  
is viewed with alarm by those who like Ottawa best when  
it is gay. Lady Minto goes on Thursday, and will sail  
from New York on Saturday. Lady Alix Beauclerc and  
Lady Ruby Elliot go with her, and also Lord Melgund.  
Mr. Guise leaves almost at once for Japan, not to return  
before the middle of July. Just what difference the absence  
of the Countess will make to Ottawa society one cannot  
yet say. She certainly will be missed, and it is hardly to be  
expected that His Excellency will entertain quite as much  
as the charming hostess of Rideau Hall were there to  
assist him. AMARYLLIS.

He who has less than he wants is poor, but he who  
wants less than he has is poorer, remarks an exchange.  
It's a poor rule that doesn't work at least four or five  
ways, says New York "Life."

Andrew Carnegie has composed his own epitaph. It  
reads: "Here lies a man who knew how to get around him  
men much cleverer than himself." Many a rich man could  
copy this epitaph, leaving out the "him."—Philadelphia  
"Ledger."



## THE ATONEMENT

In the Light of the Higher Criticism and of Modern Knowledge.

A Sermon by Rev. J. T. Sunderland, M.A., of the Unitarian Church.

(Continued from last issue.)

Of the various theories of the Atonement which are prevalent in our day, there are three which are much more prominent and important than the rest. I must briefly notice each of these.

The first that I mention is that of the Roman Catholic Church. It may be called the Sacramental theory. Briefly explained, it is this: Man since the fall is alienated from God and exposed to damnation. Without the death of Christ it would be impossible for anybody to be saved—original sin alone entailing eternal ruin upon the race. But Christ died to remove the penalty attaching to the original sin. So that now since His death every man stands on his own merits. If he can live all his life without sin he will be received into Heaven at death. But as a fact, nobody can do that, and the smallest sin brings condemnation. How, then, are men to escape the demerits of their own sins? This theory which we are considering answers, "They can only escape through the help of the Church. The Church can save them. Nothing else can." But how can the Church save them? In this way. Christ has established His Church on earth, given it a priesthood, and given to that priesthood power by the celebration of the stupendous miracle of the Mass, actually to re-enact as often as they choose, the tragedy of the crucifixion. Now, in this putting to death of Christ, by the celebration of the Mass, the merit of His substitutional sufferings is supposed to be placed to the credit of the Church. As by His death on Calvary He removed from all men the penalty of original sin, so now by His sacrifice in the Mass a store of merit is created which is placed to the credit of the Church, to be used by her priests in paying the debts, that is, in forgiving the sins, of such persons as trust to the Church for salvation. Moreover, the Church's fund of merits is also increased by the penances, prayers, self-denials and voluntary sufferings of martyrs and saints. So that in the spiritual treasury of the Church there is accumulation of merits from one or the other of these sources sufficient to ransom or save all who throw themselves into the arms of the true Church and seek salvation through her. But outside the pale of that Church there is no possibility of salvation. The Church is God's sole spiritual treasury on earth where there is to be found that supererogatory merit which can pay the debt of man's sin. This, I say, is the theory of the Atonement held by the whole Roman Catholic world, and also, I believe, by more or less of the High Church party in the Church of England. As probably few who hear me to-night believe this view to be true, I will pass it by with only brief comment.

In the first place, it is singularly devoid of Scriptural support. Perhaps no other theological doctrine has ever been held by any considerable portion of the Christian world, which rests upon so slight a Scriptural foundation as this. But if it is unscriptural, it is also, to an amazing degree, self-assertive and arrogant. What right has any religious body to set itself up as the only true Church, the sole channel through which God communicates with the world, or through which mankind can be saved? For any society, church or organization to do so cannot be declared to be less than presumption of the most stupendous kind. Furthermore, the idea that a priest, by his genuflections and prayers, can transfer a wafer into the actual body of Jesus Christ, or that the merits of a saint or a martyr can be put into the hands of a priest for him to deal out, like sugar and flour, to delinquents—so that the bad shall be counted good because somebody else has been good, is an idea which, to persons who allow themselves to think, seems scarcely less than insane. Furthermore, according to this theory, none of all the inhabitants of the earth, no matter how good they may be, can be saved except the small fraction who belong to the Episcopal or the Catholic Church. How could arrogance or bigotry go further than we see here?

The second notable form which the doctrine of the Atonement takes in our day is that which is known as the Governmental theory. Among orthodox Protestant theologians this theory has met with considerable favor and a somewhat wide acceptance, although it cannot be said to be the prevailing theory. It declares that Christ did not die in the sinner's stead, or suffer in the sinner's stead, and that there was nothing vicarious in His sacrificial work. According to this theory Christ died simply to maintain the dignity of God's holy law. Man had broken that law. To forgive him without adopting some means to vindicate the law would be to degrade it in the eyes of the whole intelligent universe. Hence Christ comes into the world and suffers and dies so that He may, in the sight of all worlds, pay the penalty of the law, and thus honor it. That done, God is at liberty to forgive men their sins without disastrous consequence to His universe. This is the notable theory put forth some years ago by the Rev. Joseph Cook of Boston, and illustrated by Mr. Bronson Alcott's school, in which, once on a time, as Mr. Cook informed us, when a certain pupil did wrong, Mr. Alcott made the pupil whip him (the teacher), and thus the dignity of the law of the school was maintained, while the pupil was relieved from the penalty which was his due. To such a theory of atonement as this it is enough to reply that a law which is indifferent as to who is punished, the innocent or the guilty, only so that somebody suffers, is a law that one can well believe requires to have a deity die for it to maintain its honor, if it is to have any honor, for nobody in this world or any other, where moral distinctions have any meaning, can otherwise have any respect for it. I have somewhere read that in China they have an improvement upon Mr. Alcott's school. A number of juvenile attendants, it is said, are appointed for the young Chinese Emperor, who earn their salary by receiving the whippings which would naturally fall to his infant majesty. That his majesty is satisfied with the arrangement I have no doubt. But to say that the procedure vindicates the majesty of the law is to assert something at which few can fail to laugh.

The third and last theory of the Atonement which I name, and the one which is far more generally accepted than any other among Protestant Christians, is that known as the theory of Vicarious Sacrifice. It teaches, to use the language of the distinguished Presbyterian theologian, Dr. Hodge, that "Christ's sufferings were penal, judicially inflicted in satisfaction of justice. The sufferings of Christ were vicarious—He suffered in the place of sinners. The righteousness of Christ is imputed to the believer for his justification."

The Westminster Confession says "He (Christ) underwent the punishment due to us, being made a sin and a curse for us." Says Mr. Spurgeon, "The whole Gospel is wrapped up in one word, substitution. The only reason why I should not be damned is that Christ was punished in my stead." Says Mr. Moody, "There is no sense in the sacred doctrine of the Atonement unless our sins have been transferred to another and put away; all we have to do is turn our sins over to Christ." "Sheltered behind the blood" was a favorite expression of Mr. Moody. And all of you who have read or heard many of his discourses will remember his illustration of the railway ticket, by means of which he makes clear his idea of the Atonement. "Before you get on board the train," he says, "you secure your ticket. Then you go into a car and take your seat. The conductor comes along and looks at your ticket; and it matters not whether you are black or white, rich or poor, so long as you have got your ticket. He looks at that, not at you. The blood of Christ is God's ticket, or token. If you are behind the blood you are as safe as on the golden pavement of Heaven."

"Salvation by the blood" is the great central thought of

all the revivalists, of most of the Y.M.C.A. workers, of nearly all the evangelical prayer-meetings, and hymn books, and Sunday schools of Christendom. "Sheltered behind the blood," "saved by the blood," "cleansed by the blood," "washed in the blood of the lamb"—these are expressions heard everywhere. No hymns are so often sung in all the popular churches as hymns setting forth the same doctrine.

"Just as I am, without one plea,  
But that Thy blood was shed for me."

"Rock of ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in thee.  
Let the water and the blood,  
From Thy wounded side which flowed," etc.

Not long ago I spent a Sunday in the city of Cleveland, Ohio. Not having to preach in the evening, I attended a service in one of the largest, most wealthy and most fashionable churches. The church had recently supplied itself with new hymn-books. As I sat there I looked through the book. The following are some of the hymns that I copied:

For my cleansing this I see,  
Nothing but the blood of Jesus,  
For my pardon this I plea,  
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

Nothing can for sin atone,  
Nothing but the blood of Jesus,  
Nought of good that I have done,  
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

And so on for eight or ten verses, ending:

Oh, precious is the flow  
That makes me white as snow,  
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

And this:

Working will not save me,  
Purest deeds that I can do,  
Holiest thoughts and feelings, too,  
Cannot form my soul anew.

Chorus—Working will not save me.

Done is the work that saves,  
Once and forever done,  
Finished the righteousness  
That clothes the unrighteous one.

Chorus—Working will not save me.

The sacrifice is o'er,  
The veil is rent in twain,  
The mercy seat is red  
With blood of victim slain.  
Why stand we, then, without in fear?  
The blood divine invites us near.

Chorus—Working will not save me.

Upon the mercy seat  
The High Priest sits within,  
The blood is in His hand  
Which makes and keeps us clean.

Chorus—Working will not save me.

These hymns, I say (and there were many others similar), I copied, not from a revivalist or from a Salvation Army hymn-book, where we expect such things, but from a book just introduced into one of the wealthy and presumably intelligent churches of one of the large cities of America. Nor is this book in any sense exceptional. I have taken pains to look through the hymn-books, service books, prayer-books, Sunday school books, and many leading religious books of all the principal evangelical denominations, and I find (what you will find if you look) that the same doctrine of salvation by putting our sins upon another, salvation by the merits of another, salvation by the blood of Jesus, is everywhere in the forefront. This, then, is the popular and prevailing form which the doctrine of the Atonement takes among evangelical Christian churches in our day. Surely, it seems as if a candid and full statement of the doctrine ought to be enough to condemn it with thoughtful and intelligent people. And yet people all around us, good people, who are thoughtful and intelligent, at least in other things, continue to accept it, to maintain churches built upon it as a corner stone, and to have it taught to their children.

What is to be said regarding this, the most common doctrine of the Atonement which appears in Protestant Christendom to-day?

One thing to be said about it is, that it is pagan. Jesus never taught any such doctrine; rather were His teachings both in thought and in spirit opposed to everything of the kind. Its connection, instead of being with Jesus, is primarily with the ancient Jewish sacrificial system, which not only Jesus, but the greatest of the Hebrew prophets before Jesus, condemned. And later its connection is closer still, as I have shown, with the pagan Roman taurabolium and cribolium.

A second objection which appears to this doctrine is its shocking—yes, that is not too strong—its really shocking character. I heard a Presbyterian minister, who was independent enough to dare to speak out, spite of the danger of being thought a heretic, stigmatize it as a "slaughter-house theory." Was not the characterization proper?

Think of the idea of cleansing from sin by baths of blood, and human blood at that. And yet that is just what the theory teaches and what the popular hymns express. If I were to come before this community with some new form of religion involving rites and ceremonies with baths of blood like those of the Romans, every one would hold up his hands in horror and declare me not only sacrilegious but unfit for respectable society. And yet intelligent men and educated and refined women in all our communities sing without a blush or a shudder about being "Washed in the blood of the Crucified," and

"There is a fountain filled with blood."

Drawn from Immanuel's veins,  
And sinners plunged beneath that flood,  
Lose all their guilty stains."

Now I say all this not in scorn, but only in sorrow—sorrow and wonder, that theological creeds can so blind the eyes of intelligent, good and refined people, to the shocking, dreadful character of doctrines taught and believed. These hymns are not Christian hymns; they are heathen hymns masquerading under Christian names. They are the old, shocking Roman taurabolium and cribolium changed a little and associated with the great name of Jesus.

But there are other features of the doctrine of vicarious atonement besides its bloody character, which serious and thoughtful people feel themselves called upon to object to. First, its injustice; and its injustice in at least three different directions.

To begin with, its injustice toward those who lived in the world during those thousands of years which elapsed before it was made operative. According to this doctrine all men are ruined through Adam. Through Christ as many are saved as believe on Him and accept His salvation. But what shall we say of the thousands of millions of human beings who lived on the earth before Christ? There was no atonement, no salvation, that could be operative for them. Why was the coming of Christ put off so long, until these many thousands of millions of people were already lost? Then, secondly, the doctrine involves injustice toward the heathen world to-day. According to the teaching of this doctrine, nobody can be saved except by faith in Christ. But even now, nineteen hundred years after the Christian era, not a quarter of the inhabitants of the world know anything about Christ. The three-quarters and more that have never heard even His name cannot have faith in Him. Are they to be forever cast into hell? They must be if the doctrine of vicarious atonement is true; or, indeed, if any of the forms of the Atonement taught by the orthodox creeds is true. Third, the doctrine involves injustice to vast numbers of people in our own land. It makes salvation dependent upon belief in the orthodox scheme of salvation—or belief in Christ as a Saviour according to that scheme. But now, thousands and millions of the most intelligent and virtuous people in Christian lands do not believe, and cannot believe, in such a scheme, or in Christ as saving men according to such a scheme. I say they cannot believe anything of the kind, because they see no evidence that it is true. Indeed, the more they look into the matter the more reasons they see for believing that it is not true. Now, what justice can there be in God's devising a scheme of salvation (or salvation and damnation) which dooms these thousands and millions of honest, intelligent and earnest people to eternal misery and ruin because they cannot believe what, with all the light they can get, seems to them not only unproved and unfounded, but utterly unreasonable and unjust?

Still further, if the doctrine of a vicarious atonement is unjust, and unjust in these different ways, many of us also think it immoral in its practical influence upon men. I recollect hearing the Rev. Dr. Thomas of Chicago when he was a Methodist minister say in the Philosophical Society of that city, that he really thought, and a great many of his ministerial brethren, he believed, were coming to think the same, that the vicarious or commercial theory of the Atonement operates to put a premium upon vice. How? By teaching men that, however wicked they are, they are only to believe on Christ and their sins will all be pardoned and they will be treated as if they had never sinned.

"The essence of the doctrine of the vicarious atonement is in the one word substitution; and though it may be partially corrected by more rational conceptions, the practical inference from it is that there is a substitute for personal virtue. By this scheme Christ as our military substitute exempts us from the moral warfare; and however badly we play this game of life with the devil, we can always checkmate him by moving Christ." This theory of substitution offers a refuge for cowardice, a hiding place from reality, an easy avoidance of the labor of working out one's own salvation.

Only one other objection I urge to the doctrine of vicarious atonement, and that is, it seems to be degrading to the manhood of those who accept it. James Martineau once rebuked the baseness of those who would not rather go to hell than be saved by the death and suffering of an innocent being. I believe he was right. I believe that if I were to urge you to try to get to Heaven on anybody's merits but your own I should be urging you to do something essentially base and mean. Says one of our American poets:

"No star shines brighter than the kingly man  
Who wholly earns whatever crown he wears."

If it is a disgrace to a man to get into a good place here in this world without being worthy of it, and without having earned it, would it be less a disgrace to be in a good place up yonder without being worthy and without having earned that? No, friends, what you and I and all men need to think about, is not how we can get into Heaven or anywhere else on the merits of anybody but ourselves. The thing we need to think about is, how we can be men, how we can do our work well, how we can be worthy of the rewards of well-doing here and hereafter. For our ill deserts we ought to be ashamed to desire that anyone else but ourselves should suffer. For our deserts, if we have any, we may be sure that God will reward them according to His wisdom. As for atonements, if God is in any true sense a father, as Jesus taught, then He can need no atonements to make Him kind to His human children in this world or any other.

What is the condition of acceptance and reconciliation with God on the part of a human being who has sinned? Can it be the merit of another? Can it be a sacrifice offered by another? Not so, says Jesus. It is penitence,

it is contrition, it is a heart desiring reconciliation. Wherever there is a repentant soul, there is a forgiving God. Even to the dying thief Jesus said, "This day shalt thou be with Me in paradise." Why? Because he had pleaded the merits of Christ? No; but because he had shown penitence for his sin. Said Jesus, "There is joy in Heaven over one sinner that repenteth." The sacrifice that is acceptable to God is "a broken and contrite heart."

In a precious old book which some of us learned to love and honor at our mother's knee, I remember there is a precious story which tells that there was once a father who had two sons, and the younger was disobedient and ungrateful, and went away into a far country, and there squandered his money in evil living with evil companions, until he became a beggar. And at last, after many hardships and sorrows, he remembered his father's house, where there was bread enough and to spare, and he said, in deep contrition, "I will arise and go to my father, and will say, 'Father, I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son; make me as one of thy hired servants.'" And I remember the story says, not that the father required the elder brother to be beaten or to make atonement for the younger ere the father could be gracious and receive again the repentant prodigal, but that while yet the younger brother was a great way off the father ran to meet him and fell on his neck and kissed him. Ah! this old story is Jesus' sufficient commentary upon men's cruel theories of atonement taught in His name. This old story is Jesus' sufficient picture of God's everlasting and unchangeable love for every one of His human children—a love which, without propitiations or atonements, forever seeks and saves the lost.

But, I hear some of you say, is there then no sense in which Jesus is a mediator between God and man? Does Jesus have no part in saving men, or in bringing men to God? My reply is, speech cannot portray the greatness of the work of Jesus in bringing men to God and God to men, or the greatness of His work as a mediator and a saviour, if we will only understand these words in the light of His own teachings, instead of in the light of the theologians. Suppose a boy in some family that you know has wronged his father. Suppose he thinks his father cruel and unjust, and therefore hates and willfully disobeys him. And now, suppose an older and wiser brother goes to the mistaken and erring boy in kindness and sympathy, shows him that his father is just and good, convinces him of his sin and brings him back to his father in penitence, humility and love. Do you not see what a work of mediation between the boy and his father the older brother has accomplished?—a work of mediation of the highest possible value! Such a mediator is Jesus. No other religious teacher that the world has ever known has brought God and men so near to each other. The great and precious thought that God is a Father, and that all men are His children, we may almost say is the gift of Jesus to the world. It would be putting the numbers far too small if I said that millions upon millions of human beings have had the alienation toward God that was in their hearts taken away, and have been led to reconciliation with God, to love and to obedience, by the teaching and example of Jesus. Thus Jesus is a mediator; thus Jesus is a Saviour; and in the deepest and truest sense in which words can be employed. But let us not be deceived by words which to one mind may have one meaning and to another another. By Jesus as a mediator we must not mean Jesus as a victim, or Jesus as an atoning sacrifice whose blood was needed to open the heart of God to mercy. We must mean infinitely better. By Jesus as a mediator and saviour, if we use those words, we must mean Jesus as a great teacher, Jesus as a wise, strong, loving elder brother, who in our weakness and sin takes us by the hand and leads us to the Father—His Father and our Father, His God and our God.

Oh, how long and hard was the climb from the old dark paganism which saw in God a Being demanding blood, blood, up to the high thought of Jesus, which saw in God one who asks love, not blood; a pure heart and a right life, not an atoning sacrifice, whether of bulls or goats or human children, or of a Christ on Calvary. How far behind Jesus is still a large part of His Church! And yet progress is being made. The old theories, born in darker ages, are being questioned as never before. Reason is demanding, with new insistence, to be heard. Ethical standards are asking to be applied. The higher Biblical scholarship is bringing much new light. The time is not distant when Christian doctrine must be radically recast. When that time comes the pagan doctrine of salvation by blood will pass away, and in its place will come the nobler salvation which is by truth and love. The atoning sacrifice of Jesus will go, to take its place with the bulls and goats offered on ancient Jewish and heathen altars; and in its stead we shall have Jesus, the great prophet of the soul, the deep seer into the things of the spirit, the mighty lover of men, the elder and stronger brother of us all, the heroic martyr for truth and right and God, leading mankind forward to a Christianity far higher and nobler than the world has ever yet seen.

### A Chinese Method of Social Registry.

A Chinese visiting etiquette the rank of the caller is denoted by the size of his card. Thus, the visiting card of a high mandarin would be a roll of paper nicely tied up.

A naval officer once engaged a full-blooded Chinese servant, and his wife immediately thereafter held a reception. John Chinaman attended the door, and received with disgust the small pasteboards of the visitors, and with an opinion of his own of the officer's friends threw the cards into a basket, and with scant ceremony showed their owners into the drawing-room. Presently, however, the gas company's collector called with a bill—a big piece of cream colored paper. This satisfied John. With deep reverence he received it. With low salaams he ushered the bearer not only into the drawing-room, but, to the dismay of the collector and the horror of the officer's wife, right up to the center of the room, where she was receiving her guests. Then John, with another humble bow, meekly retired, supposing that the owner of the card last received was a person of high distinction.

### The Fountain of Unhappiness.

It may be given as a maxim that self-consciousness is the root of all unhappiness, remarks a contemporary. It is not, of course; but who ever heard of a maxim that was demonstrable as a mathematical fact? For example: there is a maxim to the effect that two heads are better than one. They are, possibly, in a barrel, but not necessarily otherwise. Take, for demonstration, the case of a woman who attends some social function or other. She knows the hostess to be a delightful person; she knows that the guests will be just what they should be; she knows that the function is to be "the most elegant and recherche of the season," and she knows that she is wearing a very nice gown indeed, and also that it is the very best she has or can afford to have. No sooner does she appear among the guests than she sees some other woman in better attire than herself, handsomer gown or handsomer jewels, and she begins to compare what she has, she covets what others have, and contrasting what she is with what she would like to be, she makes the possible happiness impossible, and she goes home dissatisfied and disappointed. How different a result would have followed forgetfulness of self if she had put all her mind on having a good time, whether her attire was this, that, or the other, so long as it was good enough. The world is full of good things if we will only forget ourselves—who are not good, but desperately wicked—and enjoy that portion of them which falls to our share. That ancient Greek philosopher who said "Know thyself" would have said a better thing for the peace of mind of mankind if he had put it, "Forget thyself."

### TRYING TO READ EACH OTHER'S THOUGHTS.



The Two Smart Alecks of Political Organization.







## Why Linn Quit the Newspaper.

JAMES WEBER LINN, whose novel, "The Second Generation," a story of newspaper life and political corruption in Chicago, has brought him into the public eye, is a nephew of Miss Jane Addams of Hull House, Chicago.

How this young author came to quit newspaper work is an interesting story. He secured a position on the staff of a Chicago daily immediately on leaving college. All went well until one night, about three months after he took up the life of a reporter, when the city editor assigned him to make a midnight call at a home where the head of the household, a prominent man, had committed suicide. "Get a man, talk out of the wife and the girl," were the parting instructions. As Linn approached the house he was overcome by a sense of the intrusiveness of his mission. Suddenly the glamor and charm of newspaper work vanished. In vain he attempted to force himself to go up the steps of the house. The traditional incentive of the newspaper office, the argument that he must not "fall down" on his assignment, failed to stimulate his interest or his courage, and the longer he stood staring at the black streamer of crape that fluttered from the door the greater became his repugnance for his disagreeable task. Finally he turned on his heel, took a car back to the office, and handed in his resignation with the explanation that some other man would have to get that interview. This episode ended his newspaper experience and he soon secured a position as an instructor in rhetoric in the University of Chicago, where he is still engaged.

Mr. Linn's book was written in six weeks, while spending a vacation in Europe. His success affords another example of the fact that much of the literature of the day is being made by the young, for he is only twenty-five years of age.

## A Railway Man.

## Extraordinary Unpleasant Symptoms of Kidney Trouble in This Case.

Tortured by all kinds of Pains and Aches He Tries Everything, but Finds Relief Till a Friend Advises Him to Use Dodd's Kidney Pills—They Have Made a Well Man of Him and He is Grateful.

Ottawa, Ont., March 31.—(Special.)—Frank Chartrand, a railway man, whose home is at 130 Little Chaudiere street, has acknowledged that Dodd's Kidney Pills have done more for him than anything else in the world has ever done. He says: "I suffered with backache and was always drowsy and had a very heavy feeling in my limbs. I had frequent severe headaches and more times very sharp pains in the top of my head, which gave me much annoyance in my work."

"My fingers would cramp and I would have an uneasiness in my legs and occasional pains in the loins. I was dizzy in spells and short of breath. If I ate a hearty meal I would have a pain in my left side. My appetite would sometimes 'let me down' and I couldn't eat anything. I had a constant soreness and tenderness over the spine and tired feeling in the region of my kidneys. I suffered quite a little with a dragging, heavy feeling across the loins. Dodd's Kidney Pills were recommended to me by a friend of mine who had been cured, and I began to use them."

"Almost from the start I began to feel the wonderful improvement, which continued as the treatment proceeded, till the unpleasant symptoms had one by one entirely disappeared. Dodd's Kidney Pills have worked a wonderful cure in my case, and I cannot speak too highly of this great and good remedy."

What Dodd's Kidney Pills have done for Mr. Chartrand they have done for thousands of others, and they'll do the same for you if you give them a chance. There are many railway men in Canada to-day who find Dodd's Kidney Pills indispensable. They are the railway man's surest and best friend. The constant vibration on trains and engines is very hard on the kidneys, and Dodd's Kidney Pills make these organs well and able to resist disease.

## The Millionaire and the Pie.

ONE time a millionaire found himself at nightfall in a small town that was ministered to by no railroad. And he had in his pocket a one-hundred-dollar bill and in his stomach a sense of hunger.

And he went to the only store in the town to buy food for himself. Now the keeper of the store was a man of much caution and narrow mind.

"I am as hungry as my stomach knows how to be," said the millionaire affably. "Sell me that real pie."

As he spoke he laid down the hundred-dollar bill.

The cautious storekeeper picked it

up and looked at it with doubt mingled with distrust and accompanied with dubiety. Then he said: "My real pie is worth ten cents to me, but I never heard of such a bill as that. Give me one with another picture on it, for this one is not worth a real pie, I am sure."

And the millionaire said: "My friend, it so happens that this evening finds me with no other picture bills upon my person nor yet any coin. The bill is surely worth a hundred of the ordinary, every-day kind. But that is neither here nor there."

But the storekeeper shook his head sourly.

"Nothing will recompense me for the real pie but money that I can understand. There may be hundred-dollar bills, but I never saw one before. I know the worth of my real pie, and if you have ten cents you can eat it, but if you haven't you can't."

"But I have not ten cents," said the millionaire; "so let us put it on another basis. Give me the real pie out of charity, for my stomach is not used to being put off."

"Now we're on familiar ground," said the storekeeper, as he sliced a piece of cheese and ate it; "I have seen beggars many times, and as I never saw one so well dressed as you are I doubt you. You cannot be a beggar. Your clothes betray you, and even if you were one I would not help you as I do not believe in encouraging mendicancy."

"You are difficult beyond a doubt," said the millionaire, raising his eyebrows and shaking his head. "I have it. Let me work for the real pie. I am strong. Have you no boxes that need unpacking, no goods that need to be shelved?"

Said the storekeeper, looking at the clock: "I have never insulted the frame that the Lord gave me by calling in others to do that which I can do myself. My boxes are unpacked and my goods are shelved. If you have ten cents you can take the real pie, but be quick, for it is the hour of closing."

Then the millionaire felt in his vest pockets and found a counterfeit dime which he had received in change the day before. And rendered desperate by his hunger he gave the storekeeper the dime and received in exchange the real pie. For to the near-sighted storekeeper the coin looked good.

As for the millionaire, he ate the pie like a shipwrecked mariner. And the near-sighted storekeeper dropped the counterfeit into his till with contentment.—Charles Battell Loomis in "Saturday Evening Post."

## "Success."

He was a youthful essayist who struggled after fame till every editor in town had learnt to know his name; But though he sought, with tireless pen, A place in fortune's ranks, Year in, year out, there mocked him still The same "Declined with thanks!"

At length in his despair he sought A critic whom he knew, A soulless churl who slaughtered books In some malign "Review"; And said: "Come tell me, if you can, How fame is to be won?" The critic answered, with a yawn, "Try paradox, my son!"

He hid his home and sat him down, He took his pen and said: That those who would succeed in life Should spend their time in bed; That all experience comes with youth, That age is wild and rash, That all the hardships of this life Spring from excess of cash.

He argued that our happiest hours Are when we're deep in woe, That Drama's loftiest note is struck In Punch-and-Judy's show; He held that well-trained parents ought Their children to obey, And that the bravest warrior's foe Who dares to run away.

He hinted that Whitechapel slang Is English undefiled, Praised Nero and Caligula As rulers firm and mild, And flippantly maintained that bores Should be drawn out, not hushed, And that the truest patriot longs To see his country crushed.

At once success illumed his path, Till then so drear and black— No wasted efforts wrung his heart, No manuscripts came back; They hailed him as a rising star, And soon his name was seen In every "weekly" of repute And high-class magazine.

He hugged himself with sheer delight And chortled in his bliss: "No greater paradox they'll find In all my work than this— Be wise enough to play the fool If haply you'd be read, And if you want to find your feet Just stand upon your head!" —Alfred Berlyn in "Outlook."

## A Fighting Schoolmaster.

THE experience of a college graduate, named Levenworth, who taught for a year in a little Western town, is an example of the way in which a teacher sometimes wins the admiration of his pupils quite unexpectedly.

Levenworth was not a teacher by nature or profession; but, as many men have done, he spent a year teaching to get money enough to help himself through the law school. He was a hearty, clear-minded fellow, who kept rather aloof from the townspeople. The local paper spoke of him as having "had a promising career in college."

Part of this promising career had, as it happened, been spent in athletics. He had learned to box and wrestle, and had won his class championship in the art which, from its unfortunate association with the prize-ring, has not so good a reputation among the peaceful as, in its legitimate form, it deserves.

His school was quiet and orderly from the start, but he found it hard work to get on intimate terms with the twenty boys under him. They obeyed at a distance, but did not show much personal friendship for him.

One day at recess, when the school-yard was a clamor of voices, the young master heard a sudden lull. Looking out the window, he saw the children lined up against the fence watching a teamster, who was stupidly trying to whip his horse up the hill that ran past the school. The wagon was loaded heavily with garden-stuff, and the horse was doing his best to no purpose.

Suddenly one of the boys went into the street, and evidently remonstrated with the driver. For answer he got an ugly slash of the whip, and reeled back, holding his hands over his eyes.

This was too much for Levenworth. He ran downstairs and out across the

playground. Coolly pushing a stone under the wheel with his foot, he commanded the teamster, a gaunt, sinewy man, to come off his seat.

The fellow grew hostile at once, and obeyed. Jumping down, he approached the schoolmaster, ready and eager for a fight, and heated to dangerous anger by his struggle with the horse.

It was a real, old-fashioned fight, with the power of anger and excitement on one side, and skill, backed by those almost infallible allies, right and justice, on the other.

There was enough left of the teamster to drive his horse, while a dozen boys put their shoulders to the wheels and pushed the wagon to the top of the hill.

The pupil whose task it was to ring the bell for the end of recess was a minute late that day. The teacher was late, too. It took him a little time to put his clothes in order and wash his face and hands. Meanwhile the school assembled, not without some noise and excitement, and took their seats. They were subdued and orderly when Levenworth came in and walked to his desk.

Before he had time to be seated, and as if by a preconcerted signal, the pupils began to applaud. Discipline and modesty made the teacher try to stop them. It was useless, so he smiled. Then they cheered. The disorder of the next minute was quite against the rules, but nobody received a black

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mark on the schoolmaster's deportment book; and after that, to Levenworth's surprise, there was a new and warm friendship in the bearing of the boys toward him.

## Testing It For Herself.

HE watched her arranging the violets in the big Kakiri bowl. She looked so very pretty, and yet she must be told.

Lighting a cigarette, he braced himself for the telling. As he tossed the match in the direction of the blazing fire, she came toward him, holding in her hand a few of the purple flowers.

"For you," she said, simply, and pressed close to his side as she put them in his buttonhole.

After that she bent and kissed him, slowly and deliberately. He sat transfixed. In all their platonic kisses he had never before touched his.

Ere he could recover himself she kissed him again.

Not a word nor a caress accompanied either kiss. They stood out against a background of utter incomprehensibility.

Then she walked over by the fire. He looked anxiously after her.

She faced about, and he saw that her lips were moving slightly, while her eyes had a far-off gaze.

At last she spoke.

"You can marry her!"

There was a pause—she seemed to be indulging in further meditation—and then—

"Yes, you can marry her. I don't care at all. You see, I kissed you on purpose. I did it twice to make sure, and I didn't feel even the faintest quiver either time. I was very careful, and tasted each kiss thoroughly, and I know now that—that you can marry her."

He rose, his form and his rage towering together. What man could be calm on learning that his lips possess no power to thrill?

"Good-bye," he said, putting out his hand.

"Good-bye," she answered, smiling. He went out, and the door closed behind him.

She stood where he left her, banding her clasped fingers across her eyes. The sunlight streamed in between the window arches and shot a ray of glory over the violets, the woman and the woman's yellow hair. It caused the diamonds on her hand to sparkle brilliantly, and something on her cheek shone too.

"Dear heaven!" she murmured, softly, "what must it be to have him do the kissing!"

## A Real Help.

THE Woman's Aid Society in New York has done great work in helping the poor. Like all charitable organizations, it has to contend with ingratitude, stupidity, and wilful improvidence. The "Commercial Advertiser" relates one instance that is amusing to read of, but must have been a trifle discouraging to the society.

To a poor woman whose husband was in jail they gave some clothing and ten dollars in money, thinking that she would know best what she wanted, and so spend the money more wisely than they.

A week after the gift had been made a deputation of members called at the squalid home to see the results of their assistance. They found no improvement in the condition of the family.

"Well, Mrs. Nolan," asked one of them, "how are you getting along?"

"Fine," said Mrs. Nolan.

"Did the clothes fit, and did you find a use for the money?"

"Sure, the clothes fitted fine, an' the childer looked so nice I had all their pictures took wid the money ye gave me, an' I'm going to have me own took this week to send to the old folks in Ireland."

## In the Maple Grove.

There's a breath from the south, where the winter wind whirled, And the edge of the snowdrift is gracefully curled; There's a touch of new life in the rays of the sun, And the lifting of sap in the trees has begun.

There's a path in the woods to the sugar-house door, There's a fire in the arch—hear it crackle and roar; There's a drumming of spouts on the buckets of tin, And the sweet sap is dropping, transparent and thin.

Now the sugar-house shows through a wavy white veil, Like a castle of old in a mystical tale; And at night the arch reddens with flame, and its glow Like the eye of the mountain gleams over the snow.

In the morning the snow crust is solid and strong, And the sugar-house welcomes a jubilant throng To a feast that is nectar, the amber that flows From the fountains wherever the maple-tree grows.

Not a snow-drift is left of the winter to tell, And the buds into leaves are beginning to swell; The blue liver-leaf blossoms above the dark loam;— In the sugar-house phoebe is building a home. —John Mervin Hull, in "Youth's Companion."

## The Retort Cordial.

Counsel for the defendant (sarcastically)—You're a nice fellow, aren't you? Witness for the plaintiff (cordially)—I am, sir, and if I were not on my oath I'd say the same of you.—"Tit-Bits."

## Literary Success.

"The main element of literary success is the popular mood," remarks "Life." "Litterateurs and litteratesses have nothing to do with making the popular mood. This is made by the high price of potatoes, or the bad times abroad, or the constructive statesmanship of the Republican party, et cetera. The public take to their bosoms to-day what they would have coldly neglected yesterday, and vice versa. Even the works of an Irving Baoheller might have fallen still-born from the press in another generation. In a word, literary success is quite like success in the real estate or saloon business; it is lu-

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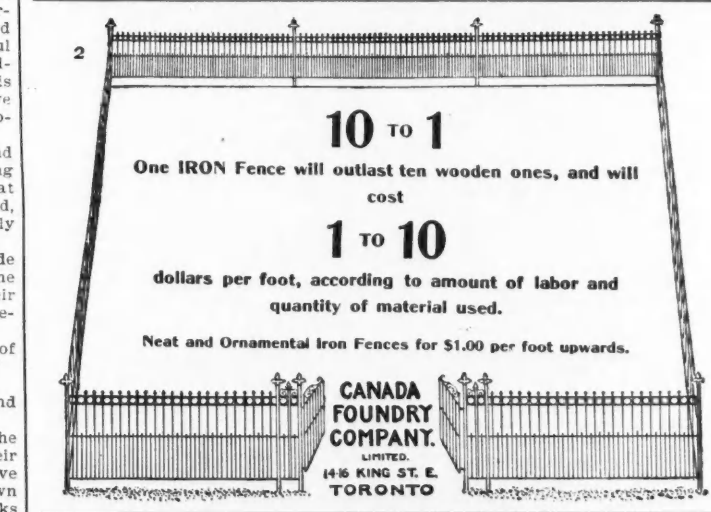
If parts of the wheat are removed, as in white flour, some element of the body is weakened.

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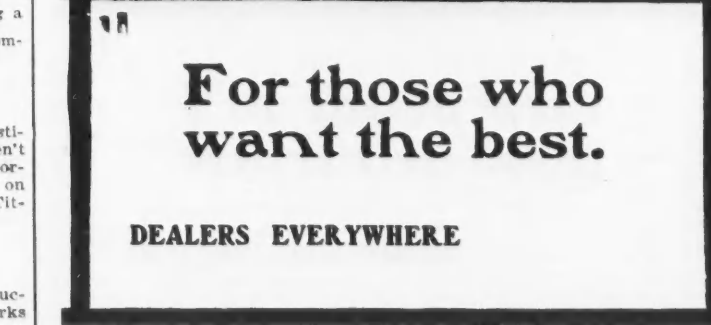
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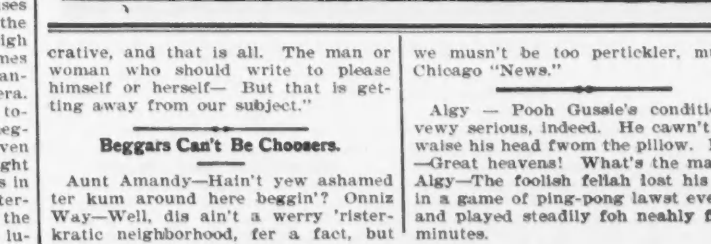
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Aunt Amandy—Hain't yew ashamed ter kum around here beggin'?

Way—Well, dis ain't a werry 'rister-kraik neighborhood, fer a fact, but we musn't be too pertickler, mum.—Chicago "News."



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**M**R. TORRINGTON may be congratulated on the success of his Good Friday production of Gounod's oratorio, "The Redemption," in Massey Hall. He had the assistance of a fine quartette of solo singers, and the chorus and orchestra never did better or smoother work in this masterpiece of the composer. Mr. Torrington, as a conductor and interpreter has of late been marked by increased plasticity and mellowness, while at the same time his technical method of direction shows greater repose than of old. The place of honor among the soloists must be given to Mr. David Bispham, who sang the bass music with that well-restrained and yet warm feeling and that suavity of style that distinguish his interpretations. To musicians his expression was probably more satisfactory than that of Mr. Ffrangcon Davies, who sang the same music in this city with almost operatic fervor and sentiment. Mrs. Dorothy Harvey, the Canadian soprano, now of New York, sang in charming voice, and with artistic phrasing and an expression that was elevated and not overwrought. Miss Dolores Agramonte, the contralto, made a favorable impression, showing herself to be the possessor of a warm-toned, pleasing voice. Mr. George W. Jenkin of New York was the tenor, and sang in good lyric style the music allotted to him. The local principal singers were Miss Lillian Kirby, contralto; Miss Eileen Millett, soprano; and Miss Ethel Carmichael, contralto, of whom it may be said that they well sustained the musical credit of the city. Special praise may be given to Miss Millett for the delightful bit of singing in the brief solo, "Go Ye Forth On Your Way." The great imposing effect of the concert was produced with the chorus, "Unfold, Ye Portals Everlasting," which was tumultuously applauded and had to be repeated, although all other demands for encores were refused. Perhaps it was right that Mr. Torrington should allow the excellent work of the chorus to be recognized in this way, and it must have been encouraging to them to have their disinterested labors so heartily appreciated. The orchestra had efficient assistants in Mrs. Blight at the organ and Miss E. Husband at the piano.

The London correspondent of the "Concert-Goer," writing of the modern British school of music, says: "Dr. Elgar has never produced anything more intensely beautiful than the simple piece of four-part writing, a capella, 'As Torrents in Summer,' in 'King Olaf.' But I admit that the 'Lament of Caractacus,' in 7-4 time, runs it close. . . . One factor of intrinsic merit contributing to Mr. S. Coleridge-Taylor's immense success with 'Hawthorpe' is his neglect of contrapuntal effects."

The following extracts from an article in the Portland "Oregonian" will be of interest to members of our church choirs: "When a budding New York musical student was recently told that one of the best church choirs that exist on the American continent is the celebrated choir of Jarvis Street Baptist Church, Toronto, Canada, she said: 'The idea!' The pride of the dainty miss was hurt to think that her own well-loved choir of Trinity Protestant Episcopal Church, New York City, was relegated to second place in the discussion which had arisen, and she said: 'It is not fair that a choir in the backwoods of Canada should receive such high praise. What sort of an organization is Jarvis Street Church choir, anyway?' After describing the advantages of Toronto as a musical center, the article proceeds: 'Therefore, the singing material in Toronto is practically unlimited. Jarvis Street choir is the Mecca of all singers there, and the choir concerts and the choir singing on Sundays are musical events in that section. The choir consists of about forty trained singers, men and women, and the conductor is Mr. A. S. Vogt, a Canadian who received his musical education in Germany. Mr. Vogt is a pianist and organist of considerable ability, but he does not pose as a voice trainer. It is difficult to estimate the cost of the choir per year, as nearly every member of it is paid either with music lessons or in money, but the yearly cost will be about \$2,000 or \$2,200, possibly. The choir is trained to excel in pianissimo effects and unaccompanied work. The forte passages are rich, warm, sonorous. An anthem begins each service, selected from the rich storehouse left by such writers as Stainer, Sullivan, Gounod, etc. The hymns are sung heartily by both choir and congregation, and the last verse is always sung in unison. After the leading prayer comes a musical treat. Just as the pastor's voice softly dies away, the choir, sitting with bended head, catches a whispered chord from the organ, and in double pianissimo effects sings the Lord's Prayer, unaccompanied, from a chant composed by Mr. Vogt. It is like dew on rose petals. 'After the sermon comes the real musical event of the service, either a hymn or an anthem sung without accompaniment. A favorite anthem for this kind of work is Stainer's 'Ye, Unto Me.' Every note of expression is obeyed, every piano or forte passage, every accent—the same as if played by an orchestra. Generally speaking, solos are sung by the members of the quartette, who, of course, are more highly paid than the ordinary members of the choir. Two of the best-known of the soloists are Miss Dora McMurtry, soprano, and Mr. Arthur L. E. Davies, bass."

The Conservatory String Quartette gave their last concert this season on the evening of Tuesday week last. They provided a splendid programme and performed it in an admirable manner. In the Schumann quartette for

piano, violin, viola and cello they had the assistance of Mr. J. D. A. Tripp at the piano, which is equivalent to saying that the piano part was artistically interpreted. Three movements of Mendelssohn's brilliant string quartette proved one of the musical treats of the evening, the quartette in this being assisted by Miss Kate Archer, violinist. The solo artists were Miss Dora McMurtry, soprano, and Mr. Frank Blachford, violinist, both of whom acquitted themselves in a manner that elicited enthusiastic applause. Miss Jessie E. J. played the accompaniments with her well-known ability. The organization has done good work during the season, specially valuable from an educational point of view. In Mrs. Adamson they have a sound and conscientious leader, and one, moreover, who takes a deep interest in the cultivation of a taste for the masterpieces of chamber music.

On Tuesday evening next, at Old St. Andrew's Church (corner of Jarvis and Carlton streets), Mr. J. Humfrey Anger will deliver a lecture on the "History and Development of Church Music." Illustrations of the music of the Gregorian, the Contrapuntal and the modern periods will be given by the choir. The subject of this lecture will doubtless commend itself to all lovers of sacred music.

The annual recital of Mr. J. D. A. Tripp is announced to take place on the 26th inst., at the Conservatory of Music. The assisting artists will be Miss Ella Walker, soprano, and Mr. Frank E. Blachford, solo violin.

Mendelssohn's oratorio "St. Paul" will be sung in London on the 5th inst., under the direction of Mr. W. H. Hewlett. The soloists will be Mr. J. M. Sherlock, tenor; Mr. George A. Fleming, baritone; New York; Mrs. Bole (nee Zeigler), soprano, and Miss MacDonald, contralto.

Mr. J. M. Sherlock was the tenor soloist at the recent annual concert of the Galt Philharmonic Society, on which occasion, according to the local papers, he scored a great success. At Parry Sound some few days ago Mr. Sherlock was given a very gratifying reception, receiving no fewer than three double encores, and being re-engaged for a second appearance.

The special music given by the choir at St. Margaret's Church on Easter Day was so well rendered and appreciated that it will be repeated next Sunday, by request. The soloists will be Edward Barton, baritone; Digby Hardy, tenor, and the charming boy soprano, Victor Stone, who possesses a beautiful, flexible tone and sings with ease.

Next Sunday being the octave of Easter, the services at St. Simon's Church will be festive, both morning and evening. The Easter music will be repeated at evensong, including the "Magnificat" and "Nunc Dimittis." Maund, in D; the anthem, "As It Began to Dawn." Vincent, and the offertory solo by Mr. Arthur Hayes, etc.

A vocal recital will be given in the hall of the Conservatory of Music by the pupils of Mr. Rechab Tandy on Thursday evening, the 10th inst. Mr. Tandy will sing a group of songs during the evening.

Mr. Charles E. Clarke scored a genuine success on Good Friday last, when he, as chief baritone soloist, assisted the choir of St. Andrew's Church, Ottawa, in their rendering of Stainer's "Crucifixion." In speaking of his vocal work the Ottawa "Citizen" says: "Mr. Clarke's voice is a clear, robust one, of remarkably good range. His delivery of the beautiful lines was impressive. He sang with intense feeling and deep expression." Mr. Clarke is a pupil of Mr. Rechab Tandy.

On Thursday evening next (April 10) Mr. Arthur Blakeley will give a recital upon the fine four-manual organ in the Sherbourne Street Methodist Church. The instrument was enlarged during last summer and now contains a great "swell," "choir," "echo," "solo" and "pedal" organs, with over seventy stops and couplers. In all there are one hundred and six movements for controlling and manipulating the mechanism. The key action is the Kern-Warren electro-pneumatic, each key being adjusted to a pressure of four ounces. The pedals are concave, with sharps of ebony, slightly radiating. The echo, swell and solo organs are enclosed in swell boxes, which may be operated separately or together. A crescendo pedal operating all the stops, increases the tone from the softest sounds of the echo organ (which are scarcely audible) to the full power of the organ. The various classes of tone—"strings," "flutes," "diapasons" and "reeds" may be instantly obtained by means of vent composition pedals. A sforzando pedal produces the effect of two organs playing in dialogue. The electric batteries are arranged for control by stop-handles. All danger of sounding notes accidentally when not actually playing is thus avoided. The detached console key fittings are of polished cherry. Prominent vocalists will assist at the recital.

It is said that Kubelick received as his share \$104,000 for his tour of seventy concerts in the United States and Canada. His two "farewell" concerts in Chicago drew \$7,700, making the extraordinary total of \$23,500 for six recitals.

Dr. Elgar has composed a new cantata, "High Tide," for the Norwich music festival.

The church music course of lectures at the Conservatory of Music was closed on Tuesday week afternoon by Dr. Edward Fisher, who gave a very interesting address on the subject of the church organ, choir and organist, as related to pulpit and pew. Dr. Fisher, having for so many years filled the position of organist at important churches in Canada, is well qualified to speak on the subject. Dr. Fisher dwelt upon the essential qualities of an organ designed for church service as contrasted with the more brilliant and showy requirements of the concert organ, and explained the characteristics of the different tone qualities of

the diapason, flute, string and reed registers, pointing out the necessity of paying due attention to the first-named if satisfactory results were to be obtained. The necessity of a choir leader realizing the importance and responsibility of his position was also emphasized, and some excellent advice was given as to the selection of voices and the general management of the choir. Success in the musical service presupposed perfect sympathy and co-operation between the choir leader and the minister. Dr. Fisher announced that a second church music course of lectures would probably be arranged for next season.

Mr. W. Spencer Jones, the well-known concert manager, directs Mr. Watkin Mills' tour to the Pacific Coast, and at its conclusion returns to England for a short time as the guest of the eminent basso. It is Mr. Jones' intention to look up some choice attractions in the Old Land for next season.

Last month two of Mr. Arthur Blight's pupils were appointed soloists of city churches, viz.: Miss Rose Bradley, contralto, at Queen Street Methodist Church, and Miss Agnes Haines, soprano, at Northern Congregational Church.

Miss Edith J. Mason, one of Mr. Tripp's most gifted pupils, will give a piano recital this (Saturday) afternoon in Nordheimer Hall at three o'clock. Miss Mason will have the assistance of Mrs. Fred Cox, soprano; Miss Heloise Keating, harpist, and Mr. Joseph Heffernan, tenor.

Mme. Alice Waltz has resigned her position as solo soprano at Bond Street Congregational Church.

The pupils of Mr. Frank Weisman gave a very interesting piano recital in the College of Music on Monday evening of last week. The programme consisted wholly of choice numbers, and afforded a good test of the versatility and ability of the players. Miss Millman, who contributed Jensen's "Murmuring Zephyrs" as the initial number of the recital, showed taste and judgment in her rendering, and brought from the instrument a full, musical tone. Miss May McFarlane's chief triumph was in Raff's "La Filieuse," in which her supple and rapid finger-work and her conscientious work and legitimate style were much in evidence. Other numbers given by her were Mendelssohn's "Songs Without Words," op. 19, No. 1, and the "Andante and Rondo Capriccioso." Miss Ella Crompton, in Schumann's "In the Evening" and Sinding's "Marche Grotesque," showed herself to have temperament without fineness, as well as a sympathetic understanding of her music. The "Marche Grotesque" was a specially felicitous number and was warmly applauded. Miss Marquis revealed exceptional talent in a group of Habener's studies and Schumann's "Arabesque." The closing numbers were by Miss Florence Turner, and included Dreychock's "Minuet" and the Chopin grand valse in A flat. Miss Turner has a well-developed technique, which enabled her to do justice to the difficulties of the valse, while the "Minuet" was played with delightful rhythm and accent. The assisting vocalists were Miss Isabel Fraser and Mr. Dorland, pupils of Mr. F. H. Torrington, whose singing lent pleasing variety to the recital.

Mr. Watkin Mills, England's eminent basso, and M. Eduard Parloviitz, the noted Polish pianist, sail to-day from Southampton for New York on the American Liner "St. Louis." They open their transatlantic tour of ten full weeks, going from Halifax, where Mr. Mills' coming again is awaited with the keenest pleasure, on April 8, through to Victoria, British Columbia; Spokane, Seattle, Tacoma and Portland, Oregon. The entire tour is under the personal direction of Mr. W. Spencer Jones of Brockville, who has just completed a most successful tournee with Mr. Hirwen Jones, the English tenor, from Halifax to London. Mr. Owen A. Smily, Canada's leading entertainer, will accompany Mr. Watkin Mills and Parloviitz on their entire tour.

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### Some Chinese Fables.

W. A. P. Martin in his book, "The Lore of Cathay," gives several fables which may not be as good as Aesop, but are greatly superior to those of some of his modern imitators.

A tiger who had never seen an ass was terrified at the sound of his voice, and was about to run away, when the donkey turned his heels and prepared to kick. "If that is your mode of attack," said the tiger, "I know how to deal with you."

In another fable the donkey gets even. A tiger captured a monkey. The monkey begged to be released on the score of his insignificance, and promised to show the tiger where he might find a more valuable prey. The tiger complied, and the monkey conducted him to a hillside where an ass was feeding—an animal which the tiger had never before seen. "My good brother," said the ass to the monkey, "hitherto you have always brought me two tigers. How is it that you have brought me only one to-day?" The tiger fled for his life. Thus a ready wit wards off danger.

The principle of the next fable the Chinese always apply to their European instructors in the art of war. A tiger, finding a cat very prolific in devices for catching game, placed himself under her instruction. At length he was told there was nothing more to be learned. "Have you taught me all your tricks?" "Yes," replied the cat. "Then," said the tiger, "you are of no further use, and so I shall eat you." The cat, however, sprang lightly into the branches of a tree and smiled at the tiger's disappointment. She had not taught the tiger all her tricks.

### Verbal Pomposity.

A mining expert recently described a lode as traversing "a metamorphic matrix of a somewhat schistose composition." This means, literally, "a changed mass of a somewhat clayey-sandy composition." This in its turn may be translated into plain English as m-u-d. Why choke a puny fact with murderous polysyllables? asks the "Youth's Companion." Huxley and Darwin, Lyell and Faraday, could so write as to be "understood of the people," and there is a suspicion abroad in these times that the big words so freely used by small men are a device to conceal ignorance and inexact thought rather than a proof of superior knowledge.

The progress of the woman's suffrage cause may be summed up in the reply of the woman who was asked how she had voted on a certain question. "In my plum-colored gown," she replied. "New York 'Times'."

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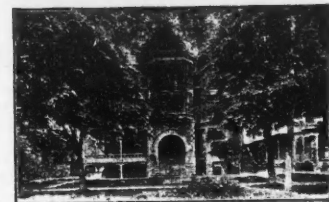
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## Social and Personal.

Streatham House, Dale avenue, which has been for so many years a delightful home, presided over by Mrs. Charles Fleming, and where Mr. Fleming's genial welcome was so pleasant to friends, is now vacant, the Flemings not caring to purchase it and the owner deciding to sell. So another family is on the list of homeless ones, with furniture in storage. Mrs. Fleming is, I believe, to pay some visits, while Mr. Fleming will board in Sherbourne street for the present.

Mr. F. J. Ricarde-Seaver went over on Thursday of Holy Week to Buffalo and Rochester, to say good-bye to yachting friends before leaving for England.

Mr. and Mrs. Dunnet of Huntley street went to Kingston for the Easter vacation. Dr. and Mrs. Bingham also spent their Easter in the Limestone City. Miss Kate Archer went to Chatham for Easter. Mrs. Jack Manning of Peterboro' spent Easter with her family here. Mrs. Reginald Carter of Ottawa is up for a visit to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Pearson.

Mr. and Mrs. Acton Burrows went to New York for Easter.

The engagement of Mr. Mackay of Hamilton and Miss Brennan of Brampton is announced. I hear their marriage will take place in July.

The engagement of Miss Adda Quirt of Parkdale to Mr. Walter Findlay, B. A., of St. Andrew's College is announced. The wedding will take place about the end of June.

The closing concert of the Woman's Musical Club took place last night. The last meeting of the season was held on Thursday week, when a miscellaneous programme was arranged.

The agent of the Atlantic Transport Line has been besieged by passengers, begging for even a "sofa" on the "Minnehaha," the vessel on which the Countess of Minto and her party are to sail next Saturday. As it is, there isn't a hole or corner to be improvised into an additional rooming place in the huge steamer. The list of passengers includes many Torontonians, and is as follows: The Countess of Minto, Lady Alix Beaulieu, Viscount Melgund, Colonel and Mrs. G. T. Denison, Mr. and Mrs. G. R. R. Cockburn, Mrs. Law, Miss Helen Law, Miss Vivian Williams, Miss Gosling, Mrs. John Payne, Mr. F. J. Ricarde-Seaver, Miss Bessie Brock, Mrs. Thompson. The Very Rev. Dean Innes of London is also a passenger.

The complaisance of the stork continues. On Tuesday the kind bird called upon Mr. and Mrs. Bull of Avenue road and bestowed a welcome gift of a son and heir. Little Miss Bull is not the least put out by the rival, but remarks cheerfully that a little brother is nice.

Miss Marshall of Chicago, a handsome and attractive girl, is visiting Mrs. Dick McGaw of Crescent road, Rosedale.

The engagement is announced of Miss Lillian S. Dickson, daughter of Mr. M. C. Dickson of Toronto, to Captain James N. Carter of Picton. The wedding will take place in June.

Many friends who heard of the rather sudden death of Mrs. George F. Sills of 419 Sherbourne street recalled the sweet patience and resignation with which she sustained the bereavement of her idolized husband and children some years ago. Mrs. Sills was the gentlest of women, the kindest of friends, the most sympathetic of helpers to the poor and needy. In her own quiet way she went about doing good, but the pathetic shadow upon her life never quite lifted, and there is less of regret at her going away than hope that somewhere, somehow, she has found again the cherished ones whose loss broke her loving heart. Her friends will miss her soft words and sweet smile many a time in days to come.

Mr. Jack Usher, Mr. Zeb G. Lash and Mr. Arthur McMurich sail for England on the nineteenth. Mr. Usher is to marry Miss Margaret Brown of Witleham, Sussex, England, in May, and Mr. Lash is to be his groomsmen. After the wedding Mr. Lash and Mr. McMurich are going to tour the Continent together. Miss Brown is the daughter of an English rector.

Mrs. Gibson Arnold is spending some weeks in New York. Miss Daisy McMurray is visiting in Port Hope. Mrs. and Miss Wilkes of Brantford are visiting Mrs. George Ridout in St. Alban street. Mr. Harry Scarth spent Easter with his people. Mr. Alec Creelman spent Easter with his brother, Mr. A. R. Creelman, in Toronto.

Colonel Buchanan, C.B., and Major Forester went down to Ottawa on Tuesday evening and were at the State Ball. I misdoubt if these two are not hankering after another Boer hunt.

Mrs. M. Cowan, of Windsor, is staying in town with Mrs. Lake, of 84 George street. Mr. and Mrs. Victor Cawthra have gone to New York to visit Mrs. Peabody. Mr. and Mrs. Cummings Kirkpatrick, who have been spending Easter in town, have returned to Prescott. Mrs. Andros has returned to Port Hope for the summer. Miss Andros leaves to-day for England on the "Umbria" from New York. Dr. G. A. Richardson, 14 Bloor street west, has fully recovered from his recent illness.

The Allegro Musical Club gives a concert at Craigleigh, the residence of Mr. E. B. Osler, on the evening of Friday, April 18, at eight o'clock.

Professor Clark of Trinity lectures this afternoon at three o'clock in Holy Trinity Schoolhouse on "The Formation of Opinion."

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hibit, and the Toronto millionaire purchased a couple of valuable Dutch pictures. The exhibition has been a great success and most interesting and educative.

## A Strong Canadian Company.

An accident insurance company called The Canadian Casualty Company is about to be incorporated with a capital of \$1,000,000. Several prominent capitalists are identified with it. There is a great opening in Canada for a company of this kind, as large amounts of money leave this country every year to the benefit and building up of foreign countries. Mr. Frank E. Morgan, well and favorably known in financial circles, has charge of placing stock in Toronto, and in his hands the disposal of shares in this promising enterprise will doubtless proceed rapidly and successfully.

## A Musician and Manager of Note.

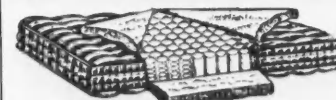
The Easter number of "Boston Ideas" contains a fine half-tone portrait and character sketch of Mr. W. Spencer Jones of Brockville, recognized as one of the leading organists of Ontario and a promoter of high-class musical entertainment. Mr. Jones is a native of Toronto and well known in musical circles throughout Canada and the United States. His chief appointments as organist have been in Toronto, Winnipeg and Brockville. In 1898 he began his remarkably successful career as an impresario, and amongst the stars whose tours he has managed may be named Sauer, Trebelli, Harold Jarvis, Watkin Mills, Parlovitz and Hirwen Jones.

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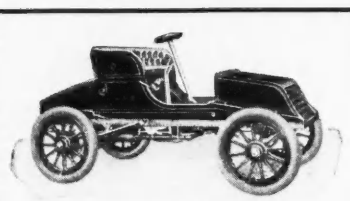
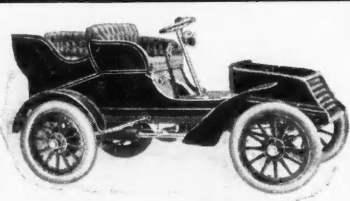
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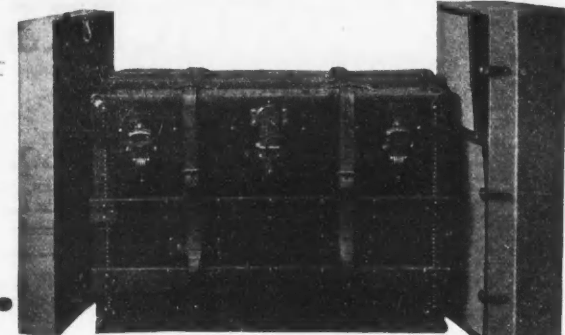
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### Social and Personal.

Mr. and Mrs. James C. Claxton celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of their marriage this week. Amongst the guests who attended twenty-five years ago was the Rev. Dr. Tovey, who married them; also Mr. Thomas Tate, who was best man. Amongst the guests were Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Hodgson, Mr. and Mrs. Cheney, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Tate, Mr. and Mrs. Appleton, Mr. and Mrs. Halliday, Alderman and Mrs. Bell, Mr. and Mrs. Sherlock, Mrs. Hare, Mrs. Appleton, Mr. and Mrs. Charters, Mr. and Mrs. Voss, Mr. and Mrs. Marshall, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Emmett, Mr. A. Voss, Miss Douglas, Mr. H. Voss, Miss Teach, Mr. H. Halliday. About eighty guests sat down to supper and enjoyed the hospitality of the hostess. Music was furnished by an orchestra. A number of beautiful presents, too numerous to mention, included a case of silver spoons from Mr. Charles Angelsen, from Peoria, Ill.

Miss Nelda Heintzman is visiting in Kingston and Nanawee.

A very interesting thing at the Stout-Brennen wedding was a table full of the most exquisite painted china, all of which is the work of the bride, who is one of Mrs. Boulbee's most advanced pupils. Mrs. Brennen has done very much lovely work, as her friends have from time to time gratefully realized, and the table of china which evoked so much admiration has been saved up during the past year only, for the embellishment of the bride's new home.

Mrs. William Ponting King, Jr. (nee Stuart), will receive on Thursday and Friday afternoons, April 10 and 11, at 71 Melbourne avenue, Parkdale.

Mrs. Andrew Thompson has returned to the city from Ottawa, where she had a very enjoyable visit.

Mr. and Mrs. James Sinclair will not receive again until the autumn, having sold their home in Wellesley street. Mrs. Sinclair leaves in a few days for California and the Pacific Coast.

The Camera Club put up a very fine exhibition of work this week, beginning on April 1 and closing this evening. This is their eleventh annual exhibition, and has been visited by a large number of admiring friends.

Mrs. Ferry's exhibition of paper work at Bain's bookstore has been visited by scores of people. Many of her lovely shades, flowers and table decorations have already been bought up.

Miss Hattie Morse Hamburger, who has been spending the winter at the Marlborough, is now pleasantly located at No. 2 Wilton crescent.

Invitations are out to the marriage of Miss Annie Ottalynna May Parsons, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Parsons, and Mr. Burton Shennstone Harris. The ceremony will take place on Wednesday, April 16, at three o'clock, at the home of the bride's parents, 12 Lowther avenue.

Mr. Beardmore of Chudleigh gave a most artistic and delightful musical last Tuesday evening, with his sister, Mrs. Flisk, as hostess, to a very smart company of lovers of the gentle art. Needless to dilate upon the charming arrangements, in which Chudleigh always excels, for the enjoyment of music heard to the best advantage in such delightful surroundings. Miss Florence Marshall, who is playing most beautifully this winter, was deservedly applauded. Mr. Alfred Beardmore's songs were excellent. The nephew of the host, Mr. W. W. Beardmore, played his violin solos in very fine style. Miss Stewart, niece of Colonel Otter, who has a very rich and deep contralto, sang splendidly, and Mr. Dockray rendered an artistic little group of songs. After the music a delicious supper was served. Among the guests were Lady Kirkpatrick of Closeburn, Mr. and Mrs. Gzowski, Dr. and Mrs. Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. Barwick, Mr. and Mrs. A. Dickson Patterson, Mrs. George Hodgins, Sir William Van Horne, Mrs. Otter, Mrs. Forester, Mr. A. and Miss Nordheimer, Mr. Osborne, Mrs. MacMahon, Professor Young, Professor Lang, Dr. and Mrs. Scadding, Mrs. and the Misses Stewart, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Gamble, Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Houston, Mr. and Mrs. Bristol, Mrs. Clinch, Mrs. Mann, Professor Mavor, Mrs. Kerr of Rathnelly, Mr. Nichol Kingsmill, Miss Kingsmill, Colonel Grasmitt, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Cassels, Mr. Cockshutt, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Matthews, Miss Hilda Boulton, Miss Macdonald of Carlton Lodge, Mrs. Sprague, Miss Williams, Miss Wilson, and Messrs. Bunting, Drake, Dobell, Lough, Manning, Heward, Hargratt, Reeves, Hardisty, McInnes and Walker.

On the 25th of April, on the "Minneapolis," Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Fitt, Miss Medland, Miss Greentree, Miss Carter, Mr. Brodie, Mr. and Mrs. Conner of Bobcaygeon, Mrs. Eustace Smith, Mr. Mason, the Misses Amy and Kathleen Mason of Jarvis street will sail for Europe.

The news of the death of Venerable Archdeacon Shaw of Tokio, Japan, was none the less regretted because expected for some weeks. The first pioneer of the Anglican Church in Chrysanthemum Land, and a virile type of the enthusiastic cleric—a big, handsome, genial and most attractive man—Archdeacon Shaw was loved well and respected thoroughly by all his friends. He married after settling in Japan, and is survived by his wife and several children. Archdeacon Shaw was a brother of Mr. Duncan W. Shaw, the treasurer of Brandon. The brothers belonged to one of the fine old families in the West End, who knew Toronto when it was Muddy York, and many of our leading men will remember the Shaw homestead near Dovercourt and the bright boys and sweet girl who formed its happy family.

A report of the illness of Colonel (Clive) Denison and the cancelling of a Body Guard parade, which got into some of the dailies, is totally foundationless. The Colonel never was in better health, and even if he were indisposed there are other officers who can parade the corps.

The Horse Show will be upon us before we realize it this year. It is al-

## Rogers' New Dining-Room Furniture

The handsome sideboard illustrated herewith was produced at our own factory in choice Tabasco mahogany of a beautiful figure. It is highly finished inside and out and is ornamented with inlaid lines. The interior is conveniently good sized cupboards, drawers fitted with for cutlery and linen former being lined plete the suite we dinner-wagon, china-match, making an equalled outside this porting at a much ask. We show several other designs in Mahogany, and a fine range in Golden Oak and Flemish Oak at very reasonable prices.



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The increased returns of our insurance companies is one of the noticeable features of Canadian development. The formation of the Canadian Casualty Company to engage exclusively in accident insurance is the latest all-Canadian institution, particulars of which are now made public.

Some of the best-known public men and capitalists in Canada are behind this enterprise. Among the names of the directors are the following gentlemen: Honorable R. P. Roblin, Premier of Manitoba; J. T. Carroll, M.D., of Vancouver; J. Douglas Hazen, K.C., M.P.E., St. John, N.B.; Of Ontario the gentlemen on the directorate are the Honorable John Haggart, M.P., P.C.; the Honorable Dr. Montague, Hugh S. Brennan; also A. S. Irving, who is a director of the Ontario Bank and the Imperial Trusts Company; Reverend Alexander Sutherland, D.D., and A. G. C. Dinick of Toronto.

Other prominent gentlemen are associated with these on the Board of Directors, and further particulars concerning this company will be made public.

The company is to be capitalized at one million dollars. Financial men view this new corporation with favor, and the stock of the company which will be offered to the public for subscription will be limited.

It is conceived by those well known in financial circles that this new corporation is launched under most favorable conditions. Canadian money seeking investment is afforded an opportunity in the stock of this company, and many enquiries, it is learned, are already being made by investors.

### The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

#### Births.

Rochereau de la Sabliere—March 22nd, Mrs. Rochereau de la Sabliere, a daughter.  
Derrick—March 23, Toronto, Mrs. M. R. Derrick, a son.  
Parkhill—March 23, Toronto, Mrs. J. Hamilton Parkhill, a daughter.  
Malcolm—March 21, Orangeville, Mrs. J. F. Malcolm, a son.  
Lampert—March 27, Toronto, Mrs. William A. Lampert, a son.  
Wills—March 27, Toronto, Mrs. Alex. W. Wills, a son.  
McGregor—March 28, Toronto, Mrs. J. H. McGregor, a son.  
Woodbridge—March 27, Toronto, Mrs. W. T. Woodbridge, a son.  
Roelofs—March 15, Toronto, Mrs. J. Frank Roelofs, a daughter.  
McLean—March 30, Toronto, Mrs. W. J. McLean, a son.  
Bull—April 1, Toronto, Mrs. William P. Bull, a son.  
Wallace—March 30, Toronto, Mrs. W. J. Wallace, a daughter.  
Auld—March 30, Toronto, Mrs. A. R. Auld, a son.  
McNaught—March 23, Toronto, Mrs. Charles E. McNaught, a son.  
Bullock—March 30, Brighton, Mrs. Clarence C. Bullock, a son.

#### Marriages.

Abrey—Kerr—Toronto, Charles W. Abrey to Hattie R. Kerr.  
Checkley—Brown—March 31, Toronto, Frank S. Checkley to Marion Frances Brown.  
Perris—Toifree—April 2, Toronto, Richard M. Perris to Charlotte E. Toifree (nee Pyle).  
Holcomb—Anderson—April 2, Toronto, William W. Holcomb to Tena B. Anderson.

#### Deaths.

Brisley—March 26, Toronto, Marion Gertrude Brisley, aged 20.  
Douglas—March 26, Toronto, George Drury Douglas, aged 19.  
Newcombe—March 26, Toronto, Henry Newcombe, aged 23.  
Alexander—March 27—Hamilton, John Alexander, aged 74.  
Dickie—March 27, Brantford, Lieut.-Col. Hiram Dickie, aged 77.  
Rogers—March 25, Cookstown, Alex. Rogers, Sr., aged 76.  
Douglas—March 26, Chatham, William Douglas, K.C., aged 63.  
Scrace—March 27, Davisville, George Scrace, aged 61.  
Sills—March 27, Toronto, Mrs. Mary Sills, aged 74.  
Dowler—March 30, Toronto, Rev. J. A. Dowler, aged 76.  
Moffat—Toronto, Mrs. Fanny Moffat, aged 56.  
Husband—March 29, Toronto, George C. Husband.  
Dodd—Toronto, William C. Dodd.  
Cooper—March 31, Lindsay, Mrs. Jane Cooper.  
Eaton—March 31, Toronto, Mrs. Emma E. Eaton.  
Gordon—March 30, San Francisco, Ed-

## Rheumatism

Physicians order patients to take sulphur baths for the relief of rheumatism. Hundreds can afford neither the time or expense which a visit to the springs entails. But in Sulph-Aqua the remedy is at your own door at one-tenth the cost of a single bath at the springs.

Drop one tablet in your bath, filled with warm water, and you have a natural sulphur bath in three minutes at a cost of five cents.

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ward Payson Gordon.  
Macdonald—March 1, Toronto, Charles Bostock, wife of James H. Macdonald, K.C.  
Banting—April 1, Cookstown, Lieut.-Col. R. T. Banting, aged 76.  
Smellie—April 2, Norval, James Smellie, aged 81.

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